

★ Remember **CADBURY** means quality

PUBLIC LIBRARY

JUN 21 1943

DETROIT

PUNCH

MAY
26
1943

Vol. CCIV
No. 5336

For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE LTD.
CORPORATION
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper. Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1903. Subscription, inclusive of extra Numbers: Inland Postage 30/- per annum (15/- six months); Overseas 36/6 per annum (Canada 34/- per annum). Postage of this issue: Great Britain and Ireland, 1½d. Canada, 1d. Elsewhere Overseas, 1d.

Who needs the best LEATHER ...



or **YOU?**

THE GOVERNMENT has to choose between the Services and civilians, because until the war is won there won't be enough of the **BEST** leather to go round. This makes things difficult, but we know that every civilian will support the Government decision.

**UNTIL VICTORY
LET US MAKE SHIFT
CHEERFULLY!**

When Peace comes, the British public can again be sure of having British-tanned leather, recognised the world over for its supreme quality.

Issued by THE UNITED TANNERS
FEDERATION · 8 St. Thomas St. S.E.1

What's wrong with this picture?



It doesn't take a moment to spot the most obvious thing wrong. Look at those chocolates they're eating — aren't they Caley FORTUNE Chocolates? Quite impossible of course. No more delicious FORTUNE are being made now, *not until after the war*. Meanwhile, Caley's chocolate stays in battledress — Norwich Plain and Norwich Blended Chocolate in blocks.

In case you haven't discovered errors Nos. 2 and 3—take a look at the R.A.F. officer's sleeve (2) there shouldn't be a loop on his rank markings. (3) Did you ever know of a June with 31 days?

CALEY

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"



We beg you to take no notice of the title—it was an afterthought. Nor is the picture intended to represent a landscape on the moon. What we were really after was a graphic way of describing the extreme smallness of the *micron*. This is a unit of measurement in the realm of the microscope. We thought of the point of a pin, and meditatively pushing it through our paper, we got a result which is rather like the above. The microns are rendered more imaginatively as the intrepid explorers, and small as we have made them, they're really much too big. In reality a micron is just one-millionth of a metre! The whole point is that we can, and do, make filters capable of removing particles even smaller than a micron in size. For transfusion purposes, the storage of blood is possible because our filters achieve this high degree of efficiency. So you see now why the making of filters for such purposes as oil purification on motor cars is a relatively simple matter to us, and why they are so good.

BRITISH FILTERS LTD.

AIRCRAFT HOUSE, MARKET HARBOROUGH

Who advises on CORROSION ROT & DECAY?

THEORETICALLY, all such problems can be grouped under a few broad headings. But in practice, factors often arise that create difficulties of a complex character calling for special treatment.

Wales Dove are specialists in solving such problems. For 89 years they have concentrated their efforts and resources on the many aspects of corrosion, rot and decay—with respect to all constructional materials for both marine and industrial work. Evidence of their success is to be found on all sides, at home and abroad.

If you are confronted with any such problems, their Advisory Service will gladly place its accumulated knowledge and experience freely at your disposal. No obligation or charge is incurred by an enquiry. Please mention Dept. E4.

★ "BITUMASTIC" is not an adjective, but a registered TRADE MARK, the exclusive property of WAILES DOVE BITUMASTIC LTD.

WAILES DOVE BITUMASTIC LTD

The People who Defeat Corrosion

HEBBURN · CO. DURHAM · ENGLAND
GD94/B



Less Time for Housework



Housewives engaged in part time war work find Mansion Polish a real help in keeping the home bright, clean and healthy.

USE SPARINGLY—SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED.

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE & LINOLEUM

LODGE
the
Spitfire
PLUG



BALKAN SOBRANIE CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

ESCAPE and MORALE

Martinet—both military and industrial—have made a great discovery. After years of patient research, they find that all work and no play makes lack a dull boy! So that you have 'Music while you Work,' Garrison Theatres, and all the official distractions of A.B.C.A. and E.N.S.A. . . . The house of Sobranie offers its own solution to this problem of morale. Let those who work and serve—and who does not?—recover from an overdose of duty with the help of the medicine that is the perfect Turkish Cigarette or find the antidote to war in the pipe of peace. And, in either event, *Balkan Sobranie* is the magic name which opens the doors to escape. . . . But remember, if *Balkan Sobranie* is not always obtainable, you have in Sobranie No. 3, No. 6, No. 7 and No. 40 smoking which is just as good for morale and not quite so shocking to the overdraft.

SOBRANIE LTD. LONDON, E.C.1.



TRIUMPHANT MOTHERHOOD

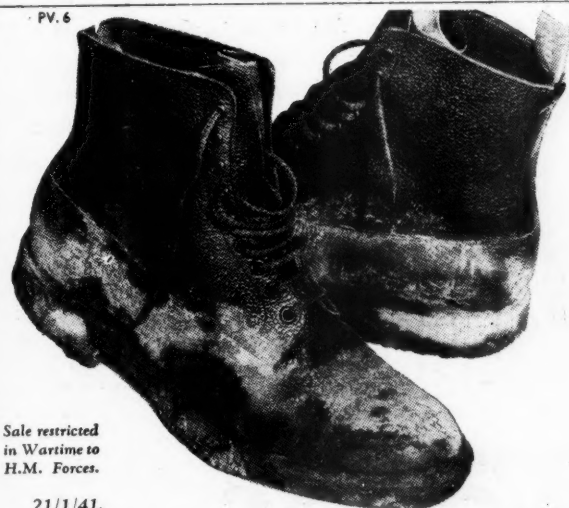
The women of Britain have discovered a new strength. They are playing a vital part in the drive to Victory. And so when Baby comes it is essential that they should be relieved of all worry about the youngster's food.

When natural feeding fails, every mother can rely upon COW & GATE to make her child a fine citizen of the peaceful future—strong in body and brain and bone.

Please remember COW & GATE must only be used for young infants

© 3207

COW & GATE MILK FOOD
"Babies love it."



Sale restricted in Wartime to H.M. Forces.

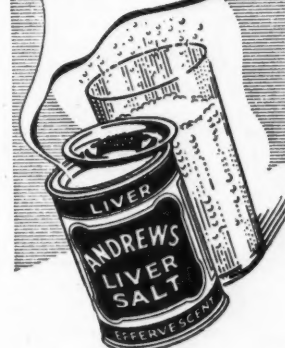
21/1/41.

In the Spring of 1916 I bought a pair of Lotus Veldtschoen. I wore them throughout the war and since then every winter during the worst of the weather, and only this morning did they show the slightest sign of taking in water slightly.

LOTUS
Veldtschoen
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

MADE BY LOTUS LTD. AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS

Excuse me—
INNER
CLEANLINESS
with **ANDREWS**
is the first
Health rule



For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your Andrews

8 ozs. 2/-, including purchase tax

(32-1)

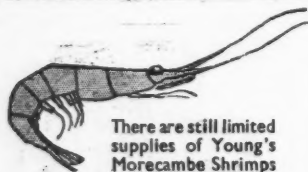
pocket
wise



GOR-RAY
Skirts

Smart women to-day prefer "Gor-ray" Skirts not only because they are well made and stylish, but also because they have the ZWOW. A combined pocket and placket, the ZWOW will carry your handkerchief, loose change, and other articles and give you a neat, unbroken hip-line without buttons or other fasteners to cause bulkiness. There is no wiser return for clothing coupons. Drapers and stores everywhere stock "Gor-ray" Skirts in a variety of designs and materials.

All the better with the
"Zwov" Pocket Placket Fastening.
Issued by: C. STILLITZ, Royal Lamington Spa



There are still limited supplies of Young's Morecambe Shrimps—freshly peeled—spiced—cooked.
1 Beauchamp Pl., London, S.W.1 and at Morecambe.

YOUNG'S No post orders.
Morecambe SHRIMPS

ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES



This unique handbook shows the easy way to secure A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.Brit.I.R.E., A.M.I.E.E., etc.

WE GUARANTEE—
"NO PASS—NO FEE."
Details are given of over 150 Diploma Courses in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero, Radio-Television and Production Engineering, Training, Building, Govt. Employment, R.A.F. Maths., Matric, etc.

Think of the future and send for your copy at once—FREE.
B.I.E.T., 214 SHAKESPEARE HOUSE,
17, STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON, W.1

CURICONES

for Rheumatism

AND ALL SIMILAR AFFECTIONS.
DOCTORS USE IT

For special needs and occasions

we are still making some stockings that do not come within the Utility specification. Production is strictly limited, but all supplies are distributed fairly among Aristoc dealers.

'RAYSTOC'
(Rayon)

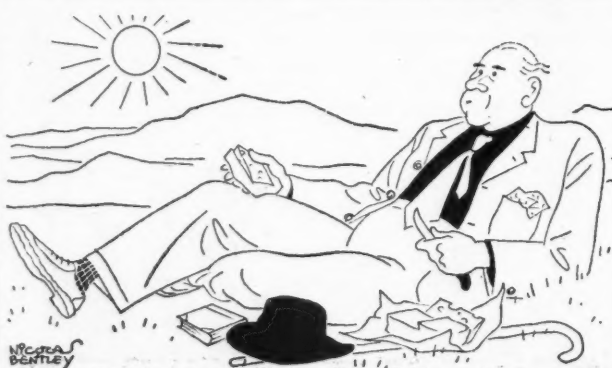
'ARISTILE'
(Lisle)



UTILITY
(Rayon & Lisle)

Aristoc

THE ARISTOCRATS OF WARTIME STOCKINGS



MR. HILLAND DALE was a man of the open air. He read Borrow and Belloc and had been heard to observe that the finest meal in the world was bread and cheese under the open sky . . . This remark has not been heard from him lately; not, we understand, since a violent rainstorm drove him for his lunch to an Inn where a perspicacious Mine Host had the happy habit of serving Pan Yan—that spicy-sweet pickle—whenever he served bread and cheese.

Pan Yan

MACONCHIE BROS. LIMITED · LONDON

JOHN Wood's

regret it is not always easy to obtain this famous TOBACCO and therefore suggest you try

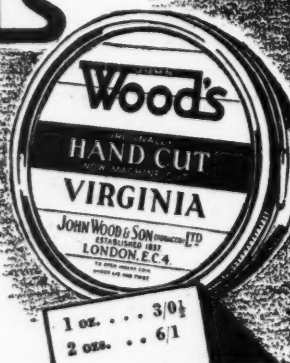
EARL GREY MIXTURE

1 oz. 3/0½

Obtainable everywhere

John Wood & Son Established 1837
(Tobacco) Ltd. London, E.C.4.

But Mine Host has also changed . . . These days it's not always easy to get all the Pan Yan he wants!



Thanks giving!

We owe a debt of gratitude to our men in the Services—a debt that never can be paid. But we can express our gratitude in helping to meet the cost of Parcels to our Prisoners—

**NOW AT THE RATE OF OVER
£4,500,000**

A YEAR

A gift from your Jewel Case to the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund will help. Send please, to the Treasurer, Red Cross Sales, 17, Old Bond Street, London, W.1, for the next

**RED CROSS
Jewel Sale
AT CHRISTIE'S**



Registered under the War
Charities Act, 1940



**THIS SPACE IS A GIFT TO
THE RED CROSS BY
BEECHAMS PILLS LTD.**



**BOTTLED
VINEGAR
is best**

**and this is the
BEST BOTTLED
VINEGAR**

TEETH ARE RATIONED

The teeth we have now must last a lifetime: there is no re-issue. Obviously, then, we must do everything possible to preserve them. Thorough brushing after every meal is a precaution open to us all: but brushing with a toothbrush that fails to reach the entire surface of every tooth or that fails to remove the particles of food lodged in the crevices between the teeth, is inefficient. Tek is scientifically designed to fit every mouth, to clean every tooth and every part of every tooth.



Tek

MADE IN ENGLAND

BRISTLES 2/- Plus Purchase Tax 5p
 NYLON 1/8 Plus Purchase Tax 4p

Made and guaranteed by
 JOHNSON & JOHNSON (Gt. Britain) Ltd.
 Slough and Gargrave T9

No, he's not going down to the boathouse — he just wants to show you one of our screwdriver blades. We pay special attention to the blade—that is the secret of the success of our screwdrivers, although the toughness of the steel we use has much to do with it. We also make pins, springs and a number of things in steel.

Think inSTEAD before you buy

Tele.: Sheffield 22283 (4 lines)

J. STEAD & CO. LTD. SHEFFIELD 2

THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

STATE EXPRESS 555

For over half a century STATE EXPRESS 555 have maintained their reputation as the world's finest cigarettes.

EYES RIGHT

Let's see...
Royal "EDISWAN" Lamps

THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO., LTD.
 155, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2
 (L.30)

Building for the new world will demand a modern outlook

METAL WINDOW

Rustproof

COMPANY LIMITED

METAL WINDOWS

RUSTPROOF METAL WINDOW COMPANY LTD.

Works: SALTNEY, CHESTER London Office: 9 HANOVER ST. W.1

ONE or two Meggeson Bismuth Dyspepsia Tablets after a meal will ensure complete stomach comfort.

MEGGESON BISMUTH DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

STOP

- * STOMACH PAIN
- * INDIGESTION
- * HEARTBURN
- * ACIDITY

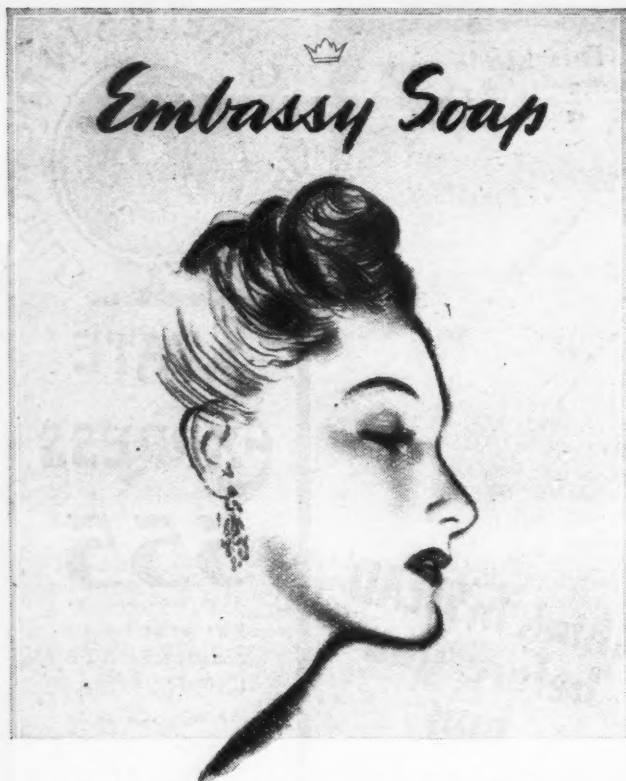
1/6d. & 3/10d. including Tax

Sold by all qualified chemists.
 MEGGESON & CO. LTD., LONDON, S.E.16

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE

RONUK

FOR POLISHING FLOORS



Delicately perfumed—smooth rich lather 7d

A & F. PEARLS LTD., LONDON

PY 3/180

WHERE THERE'S NEED—



IN NORTH AFRICA—

SOON after the United Nations forces landed, French Salvationists opened Clubs to meet the needs of British and American soldiers, serving many thousands of them in the past six months. Salvation Army Officers from Britain have now reached North Africa to extend this work.

AS NEW FRONTS OPEN, NEW DEMANDS ARE MADE ON THE SALVATION ARMY.

Money is urgently needed to provide equipment and prepare workers.

Please send a gift to-day to

GENERAL CARPENTER,
101, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

THERE'S THE SALVATION ARMY!

THE ARMY THAT SERVES ON EVERY FRONT



LEADERSHIP

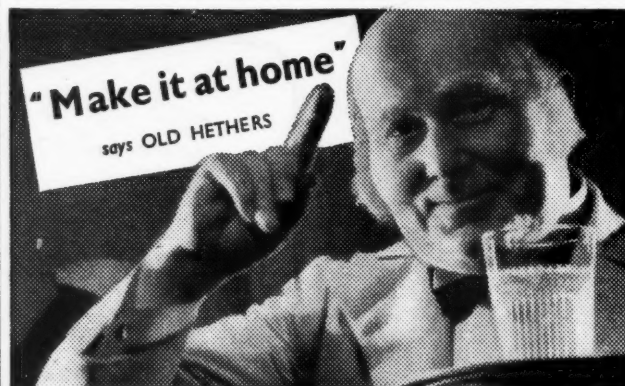
In the field of technical and scientific development — and still more in the stress of commercial competition—leadership is a position not easily earned or lightly held. Nor is the house of Philips unmindful of the obligations which leadership entails; the confidence of the public for over fifty years is a proud responsibility.

PHILIPS



INCANDESCENT AND DISCHARGE LAMPS • FLUORESCENT LIGHTING • RADIO RECEIVERS AND TRANSMITTERS • COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT • THERMIONIC VALVES AND OTHER DEVICES • X-RAY EQUIPMENT FOR ALL PURPOSES • ELECTRO-MEDICAL APPARATUS • ARC AND RESISTANCE WELDING PLANT AND ELECTRODES • MAGNETS AND MAGNETIC DEVICES • SOUND AMPLIFYING INSTALLATIONS

PHILIPS LAMPS LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2. (123D)



"Lots of the younger folk only know my Robinson's Barley Water in bottles, and that, I'm sorry to say, like many other good things has been sacrificed to the war effort. But this doesn't mean you need miss your barley water. Do what I've done for years; make it at home from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley in tins. The flavouring's a bit of a bother, with no lemons, but necessity they say, is the mother of invention, so I've been experimenting. I've found that the juice from stewed or tinned fruit is first class. Some of my people use honey or jam, but there—it's everybody to their own taste, isn't it?"

Barley Water made from
ROBINSON'S
'PATENT' BARLEY



RUNNICK

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIV No. 5336

May 26 1943

Charivaria

"THERE is too much bigamy," says a well-known judge. It would be interesting to learn exactly how much there should be.

A Birmingham plumber fell 36 feet without injury. One may assume he did not drop rapidly enough to hurt himself.

According to a woman shopper there are some stores in which she simply cannot get what she asks for. Has it occurred to her that the assistants are perhaps too polite?

"Mr. John M'Fadden was re-appointed to wind, oil and keep the Town Clerk in order."—*Irish Paper*.

What happens if the Town Clerk strikes?



A policeman has alleged that a Thames bargee had given him words. But then a bargee always knows where he can get some more.

His time is now spent on pig-farming, writes a well-known author. Still making money with his pen.

A naturalist in Hampshire has caused quite a sensation by discovering a pillar-box in which no robin has yet built its nest.

An article on Office Efficiency claims that it was a Kansas real-estate agent who first used the loose-leaf system. Another theory is that it was Eve.



Fame

"Daphne and Maurice's 'Rebecca,' famous as a novel, and as a film, is gaining equal fame as a play at the Scala Theatre." *Hendon and Finchley Times*.

"If you start at the beginning, you can't go wrong," claims a writer. Just try this on the very next queue.

It is claimed by a Bedfordshire choir-master that he has played the organ for over fifty years. Not, of course, without a stop.

Berlin news bulletins are being interrupted by a "ghost voice," and listeners were advised to try finer tuning. Most people, however, could not entirely eliminate the announcer.

A New York barber claims to have the finest pair of bow-legs in the world. Unparalleled.

"Spare Wheel Thieves," runs a headline. Why should we?

We are informed by an Inland Revenue official that the vast majority of tax-payers give no trouble. Occasionally there are a few isolated pockets of resistance to be mopped up.



A pair of slippers has been in the possession of a Walton family for one hundred and fifty years. Descending from father to son?

The critics are accused by a certain dramatist of being in league against him. We suspect foul play.

"May is out in our country lanes," a nature writer informs us. Now we know where to go if we want to cast a clout.

Fire Guards

HE said that it seemed to him rather silly
 (The man with a splendid brain)
 To stand out there when the night was chilly
 And the sirens sounded again,
 And listen to the guns and look at heaven
 With nothing whatever to do,
 To stand out there from, say, eleven
 Till it might be half-past two
 And look at the sky or stare at daisies,
 For no bombs seemed to fall,
 And if one fell we'd be blown to blazes
 Our funny little pumps and all.

"But wouldn't it seem more silly, my hearty,"
 Said the man who was always right,
 "If you was one of a fire-watch party
 In Germany that night
 A-looking at the stars and the moon so yellow
 At a place like what's its name
 When the guns began to bark and bellow
 And the British bombers came
 And the big-dam burst where the mines had broke it
 And the floods began to spout
 And you with your pump and your funny little bucket
 A-trying to put them out?" EVOE.

Museums

IT is useless to deny that museums are not in war-time what they are in peace-time, as they tend to be shut up or put away somewhere else. But it is equally undeniable that in peace-time museums occupy an important place in the general social set-up; which, I think, justifies me in taking them as my subject to-day.

Museums: why? Anyone thinking along these lines fetches up against a problem. Humanity has never voiced in so many words a specific need for museums. It is not the sort of thing you get humanity voicing. And yet there museums are, all around everywhere, and have been for years; and for years economists, statisticians and psychologists have been trying to estimate, as between those responsible for museums and those visiting them, which side is satisfying a long-felt want in which. All they can tell us, of course, is that it doesn't matter because the result is the same anyway. You have museums and you have people walking round them. If some psychologists have been misled by watching the faces of the people walking round museums it is because psychologists, more than most, are far too apt to relate the expression on a person's face to what is going on inside that face.

Museums, naturally, vary. Some specialize in one branch of exhibits, some in another, and some in all at once; but it is not unfair to say that if humanity shuts its eyes and thinks of museums it sees what can only be summed up as shells and raffia behind plate-glass. This is rather interesting. The plate-glass we can understand, because nearly everything in a museum is seen through plate-glass; but no museum, however specialized, can have more than a small proportion of shells and raffia. Psychologists, however, stepping in again, tell us that it is our first impressions which count, and anyone visiting a museum for the first time would be shown the shells and raffia as an

easy lead-in to things like old manuscripts; adding, to show us how psychological it all is, that humanity tends to shelve its recollections of museum officials.

Between museum visitors of all ages and museum officials, also of all ages, there exists such a distinct relationship that I should like to say something about it. Human nature is instinctively frightened of being watched by officials in uniform, even when it is doing something ordinary like crossing a street in the right way at the right place, and it is not surprising that when human nature goes into a museum, even sometimes paying as much as a shilling to go looking at ostrich-eggs and old manuscripts, human nature is feeling so deliberately cultured that it is frightened of being watched by anyone; so that human nature entering a museum under the eye of museum officials has a double weight of guilt to support, besides having to get through the turnstile. It is not surprising that people trying to find the way through a museum turnstile, which is no easier to find a way through than any other turnstile is, begin to think that it is there to let them out instead of in; as indeed, until the official has shown them, it often is. Furthermore, as everyone knows, people entering museums have to give up their umbrellas; and as this has long been classified as a joke, people cannot give up their umbrellas without being morbidly aware that they are undergoing a test of character. Psychologists compare this, of course, with the sensation of being directed to another bit of a post-office counter.

When once inside the museum, the public has an even more distinct relation towards officials, attendants or anyone in museum uniform. The officials know the way round the museum; the public does not. The public, being the public, is not going to ask the way, and the officials, being officials, are going to play fair and not tell the way unless they are asked. As no one can honestly be said to have to know the way round a museum, unless it is the way out, which you can find by working backwards for long enough, that is all right for both public and officials. Sometimes someone will run the risk of being thought literary or artistic by asking an official for a specifically literary or artistic department of a museum, but on the whole a museum attendant's duty is to stand about and act as an implied link between the exhibits, which are not human, and the public, which is. Very occasionally two museum attendants will walk slowly towards each other and begin talking. No one has ever heard what they say, but any people standing near will find themselves thrown into a state of guilty apprehension, will glance at or even wind up their wrist-watches, and hurry into the next room.

What, on the whole, do people think about in museums? People looking at a collection of Roman coins behind plate-glass are thinking that they are looking at a collection of Roman coins behind plate-glass, and that somehow this has made them more cultured than they were before. People looking at the floor are not very cultured and do not expect to be made more so; they are thinking it must take a lot of polishing. People looking up at the ceiling are observant, like the people who notice the bits of houses above shop-fronts, or perhaps are reminding themselves that the cords hanging from the windows remind them of their old school. People sitting down have a lot of courage, because they risk being spoken to kindly by an attendant. People sketching are so brave as to count as sort of professionals, almost a link between the attendants and the public. People going out through the entrance hall notice that they feel much more on a mental level with the postcard-stand than when they came in; and people out in the street again notice that they feel quite differently towards the other people there; and this gives them a sort of subconscious idea that this is what museums are for.



THE SONG OF THE RUHR



"Any complaints?"

Nice Types

SPEAKING generally the Royal Air Force are all nice types. Speaking particularly some are nicer than others; speaking even less particularly others aren't so nice as some, but you can only mention this if they are of junior rank to yourself. As a corollary it is as well for you, as a nice type yourself, to be very nice to all nice types of higher rank. This means that Aircraftman, 2nd Class, Plonk P.—who is the lowest form of life in the whole Air Force—has to be excessively nice to everyone. He cannot say what he thinks, but he pretty often thinks it.

Of all nice types in the R.A.F. the highest and therefore—taking a Plonk's-eye view—the nicest is the Air Council. What they do Plonk isn't quite sure, beyond the fact that they sit round a table and frequently View With Displeasure. Whom they do this to Plonk doesn't know—or care, so long as it isn't him. But he knows they can, if they like, view anyone with bags of displeasure, even an air vice-marshal in command of a group.

This latter is the Air Force type known as the A.O.C. or

THE AIR OFFICER COMMANDING

The A.O.C. stands in much the same relation to Plonk as Pharaoh must have done to a junior assistant hod-carrier for one of the lesser pyramid masons. That is to say, their spheres of activity do not often overlap. The one lives in the lofty heights of Group H.Q., the other in the lowly depths of a barrack-room. They are, in fact, not on speaking terms, without knowing it.

Plonk has, indeed, in the whole of his Air Force life only once come in contact with the A.O.C. And that contact was limited to a memorable occasion when Plonk tried to give the A.O.C. a smart salute and simultaneously avoid getting run over by his car. This operation called for considerable smartness coupled with considerable agility. Plonk was not particularly good at either. But at least he knew enough to realize that while lack of agility could only land

him in hospital, lack of smartness might easily land him on the orderly-room mat.

Quite what A.O.C.s do for a living—besides running down innocent airmen at the salute—Plonk doesn't know. Not that it matters as far as he's concerned: he'd just as soon question the ways of providence. Sooner, in fact; for if he did, providence would be the less likely one of the two to tear him off a strip.

The only thing Plonk likes about A.O.C.s is that when they descend upon the R.A.F. Station at Wingover, which Plonk graces with his presence, then the real omnipotent god of the station, the Group Captain commanding, takes a back seat.

Plonk is all in favour of this. He feels that if you have once seen a station commander taking a back seat you've got something—even if it's only a fragrant memory.

THE STATION COMMANDER

The Group Captain Commanding an R.A.F. Station—who is irreverently

known as the station-master—is rather like the king of a lonely South Sea Island. That is to say they are both liable at any moment to have a Big White Chief arrive suddenly out of the blue in either a large shining ship or a large shining car, and, in the voice of one speaking with bags of authority, tell them to do this, and stop doing that, and what the hell goes on here, and in general throw considerable weight around.

But in the intervals between these visitations from the outside world the power of the king of the South Sea Island—is paramount. Fearfully paramount. His word is law. He has the power of life or death—or of leave and duty. No one gainsays him—because there's no one who dares to gainsay him. In fact anyone who starts any gainsaying stuff around either island or station will pretty soon find there's no future in it.

The Station Commander's multifarious activities include dealing with an enormous mail and hundreds of forms—one of the penalties of living under a Typocracy. He is also perpetually interviewing delinquents, visitants, aspirants, applicants, supplicants, recalcitrants, and sycophants; preventing any likelihood of a wave of crime sweeping the station by arguments which can vary from mere admonishment to twenty-eight days in the glasshouse; and generally eagle-eyeing the whole place from dawn to dawn. And, in A.C. Plonk's private opinion, giving him (Plonk) an old-fashioned look whenever their paths cross.

By way of relaxation the C.O. sometimes flies on operations with his pilots. He also has at his disposal a small private aircraft—generally a Maggie. He does not, of course, fly on operations in his "Maggie," particularly not at a heavy bomber station. It wouldn't look good. He uses it mostly for flipping over to other stations to tell their station-masters over lunch how much more efficient, successful, and better-run his station is than theirs. Later on they flip over to him and he plays a Home fixture. To see him and his Maggie, by the way, being got ready for a personal flight is rather like watching the finishing touches being given to a Derby favourite, or a prima donna about to make her big entrance.

An interesting, and it may be somewhat poignant, sidelight on a Station Commander is that he rarely sees anyone sitting down, because whenever he's around everyone stands up!

A. A.

Toller Reports.

To O.C. B. Sqn.

I REGRET the result, just published, of the Messing Course attended by myself last week, and would point out a number of mitigating circumstances.

For the purpose of the two main tests officers were divided into squads, and in each test I was placed with Lt. Hamm and Major Blowfield, neither of whom had previous experience of cooking, and I thus had no opportunity of working with Subaltern Short or Subaltern Rosegay, of the A.T.S., with whom I am certain I would have done better. I would point out that officers in squads with Subalterns Short and Rosegay all qualified and several received "distinguished" for pastry, including an English Rugby football forward.

During the first test Major Blowfield was cook, Lt. Hamm was fireman and I was "scrounger." Unfortunately, Lt. Hamm, who said he had Boy Scout training, built our fire sideways on to the wind and it was half an hour before the fire was sufficient to heat water, when Major Blowfield upset a mess-tin and put it out. Further points were lost when the instructor discovered that Major Blowfield had omitted to grease the mess-tins, while Major Blowfield also unfortunately dropped four dumplings he was kneading, which rolled down the hill into a pond.

The squad was also handicapped by having to eat for lunch the result of the first cooking test, Lt. Hamm complaining of stomach pains.

The pastry test in the afternoon was preceded by a demonstration of cooked dishes which officers were invited to taste as they came round. Possibly in an effort to re-establish himself in the eyes of the instructor, this invitation was fulfilled very thoroughly by Major Blowfield, who was seen to eat three buns, a slice of cheese and potato pie, a portion of trifle, some fruit-flan and a Welsh rarebit, and was subsequently compelled to retire taking with him, as we discovered, the recipe issued for the pastry test.

For this test it was decided that I should be fireman and Lt. Hamm cook and "scrounger," Lt. Hamm saying he would try to find a copy of the recipe while I built the fire. He was absent

a considerable time, so that I began to fear he had again become unwell and was possibly in pain by the side of the road, but he reappeared ultimately saying he had found the recipe and with a parcel which he attempted to conceal in a curious way behind his back.

This struck me as queer, but by this time I was also suffering twinges of pain and was glad, once the fire was burning satisfactorily, to rest on my back in a truck while Lt. Hamm proceeded with the cooking. In a surprisingly short while he announced that the pastry was complete. We actually presented our pastry well before the other squads and were being congratulated by the Staff Sgt. when it was noticed that our pastry contained plum jam instead of marmalade and had been cooked some hours previously. For this the squad was allowed no marks and was in addition requested to appear before the School Commandant, as is mentioned in my report.

With reference to the other matter of the recent innovations ordered by myself in the Men's Dining Hall, these were the result of suggestions at the Messing School that the atmosphere of the Men's Dining Hall should be brightened and made more to correspond with the atmosphere of a restaurant. Accordingly I ordered such measures as the attendance of three members of the Rgtl. Band, who were raised on a dais; prices were affixed to items on the bill of fare (although naturally troops were not called upon to pay them, as seemed the first impression of the C.O.); and cooks and orderlies were told to refer to puddings as "sweets" in place of "afters."

According to instructions, these experiments have now been discontinued.

(Signed) J. TOLLER, Lt.
Home Forces.

Hope

NO faith in the hour of betrayal,
No scorning of lions' jaws,
No heart of grace in the battle-field,
No faith in a faithless cause,
No hope in the days of bondage
Has ever more valiant shone
Than the hope that hopes for a taxi
When the last bus has gone.

V. G.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

At the Pictures

"MISS LONDON LTD."
(LEICESTER SQUARE)

HOWEVER bad an American film may be, it has at least a gusto which in some degree redeems its meaninglessness. Bad British films, of which there are far too many, are knock-kneed as well as inconsequential, limp as well as incoherent. No doubt the fact that *Miss London Ltd.* is a musical film seemed to its producers to excuse them from the labour of providing it with a connected and tolerably plausible plot. But what a flaw even in a great opera, where the music compensates for tedium and unreality in the action, is a damning defect in a piece where the music and singing are at best an incidental adornment, and at worst an exasperating interruption of what ought to be the main interest. *Miss London Ltd.* starts off promisingly enough. ARTHUR ASKEY is the head of a derelict organization, inherited from his father, for providing members of His Majesty's Forces with feminine companions when they are on leave. His office is thick with dust, his files contain photographs of women who were at their best during the Boer War, or earlier, and when, under the stimulus of a new partner, a pretty American girl (EVELYN DALL), he sets out to recruit "girls from this generation," the ensuing misunderstandings and complications are extremely amusing. ARTHUR ASKEY is a natural comedian, with a touch of genius, a kind of Cockney elf whose misadventures in a hostile prosaic world reduce him at moments to forlorn bewilderment but are forgotten as soon as a chance of involving himself in fresh complications presents itself. Unfortunately *Miss London Ltd.* soon loses any kind of plausibility. The wilder and more impossible a story, the more it requires to be supported by a logic of its own. No reader or spectator minds suspending disbelief, but he must have something to suspend it on. The Alice books, the fantasies of H. G. Wells and F. Anstey,

and Charlie Chaplin's films are all rigorously worked out in conformity with their own premises. In *Miss London Ltd.* a young officer on leave suddenly turns out to be the manager

the pavement, surrounded by his new recruits, whose somewhat embarrassed expressions reveal their consciousness that they are being shepherded through a series of concocted situations, not participating in an imaginative whole. There are some gleams in the film, apart from ARTHUR ASKEY. ANNE SHELTON sings delightfully, and RICHARD HEARNE as a naval officer with an irrepressible frenzy for jazz deserved a better setting. But it fails as a whole, either because its producers are under the common illusion that a plot is unnecessary if a film contains a player of outstanding excellence, or because a good plot was beyond their powers. If the latter explanation is the right one, there is certainly some excuse for them. A world war is distracting to the inventive faculty. The most ingenious, fantastic and exciting stories in our literature were produced in the tranquil twenty years at the close of the last century, by F. Anstey, Conan Doyle, H. G. Wells, Stanley Weyman and half a dozen others. Why, if their imaginative faculties are for the time being paralysed, do the producers of British films not draw on these inexhaustible stores? There are some tales by F. Anstey, in particular his "Tinted Venus," which might have been written expressly for ARTHUR ASKEY.

"SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS" (EMPIRE)

Dr. Johnson refused to criticize Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* on the ground that it would be wasting criticism on "unresisting imbecility." What he would have said about some of the films which are offered at present to persons anxious to escape from the war for an hour or so, it is not easy to imagine. Weary of life as an employee in a soda store, Peggy Evans (LANA TURNER) walks out, and feigning amnesia in order to facilitate her impersonation of a millionaire's daughter who was lost when a baby, settles down to a life of luxury in the palatial mansion of her adopted father. All one can say about the rest of the film is that if it doesn't throw much light on feigned amnesia, it is certainly calculated to promote the genuine kind. H. K.



[Miss London Ltd.]

COMPANY H.Q.

Arthur Bowman	ARTHUR ASKEY
Terry Arden	EVELYN DALL
Joe Nelson	JACK TRAIN

of a first-class hotel. Why? No explanation is offered, and none can be imagined. ARTHUR ASKEY is ejected from his office, and, seated at his desk, continues to conduct his business on



[Slightly Dangerous]

A POSY FROM THE PRESS

Peggy Evans	LANA TURNER
Durstin	EUGENE PALETTE

The Will

"AFTERNOON, mister!" he said affably as he settled himself in an easy-chair opposite me. "Er—good afternoon," I murmured, rather taken aback, "and—er—what can I do for you?"

He grinned and prepared to roll himself a cigarette. He was a pleasant enough looking chap, but his clothes—a dirty, once brown, mackintosh and black cap—gave him a very shabby appearance. He puffed away at his cigarette for some moments before replying.

"Well, it's like this, mister," he said eventually, "I want to make me will."

"Your will?"

"Yes. It won't be a long job, will it?"

"Well—er—no, but I—er—"

"I've never made a will before—never 'ad occasion to. You see, as I was walking down 'ere from the Post Office I saw your name on the brass plate outside, and thought to meself, 'Edgar, you should make a will.' After all, it's as well to be prepared—you never know what may 'appen. So up I comes, and 'ere I am."

"H-m! Well, a will is a useful instrument—it saves a lot of—er—litigation after decease, and, well, it is true that we never know what may happen."

"Aye!"

"Perhaps you would give me the details?"

"Aye! Let's see now. Yes, first of all, me mother. Better leave 'er—say, three thousand."

"Pounds?"

"Of course. Didn't mean ha'pennies! The kids, now. Tom—the eldest—'e'll want a forge of 'is own when 'e gets out o' the Army—'e's a blacksmith, see? Better make it five thousand. Joe—well, 'e'll stay in the Navy, but you better leave 'im five thousand too. Well, now, for that matter you might as well make 'em all the same. Give 'em all five thousand. Flo, Jack and Doris, besides Tom and Joe. If you give one more'n the rest they'll only squabble when I snuff it."

"And the residue?"

"Residue? What's that?"

"Anything left when these bequests have been deducted."

"Oh, *that*! That goes to the wife."

"I see. Is that the lot, then? Have you any relatives or—?"

"What? That stingy lot! They'll not get a farthing from me. Listen 'ere, mister: I 'ave a brother, a sister-in-law,

and a witch of a mother-in-law—but they'll get nowt! Nowt, see? Do you know, not one of 'em would even fill in a single line."

"Single line?"

"Yes, surely you know. Didn't I tell you? You see, I've just filled up me first football pools form and posted it. Might win, you know—

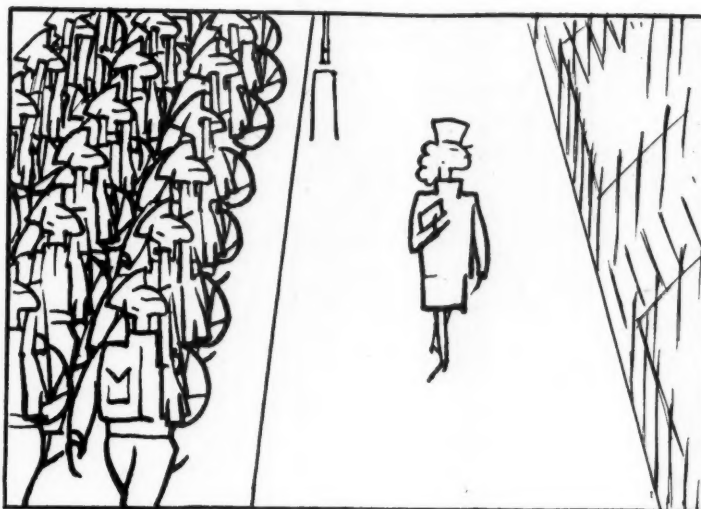
never know what may 'appen—might as well 'ave a will made in case, like. Do I sign it now?"

Infant Phenomenon

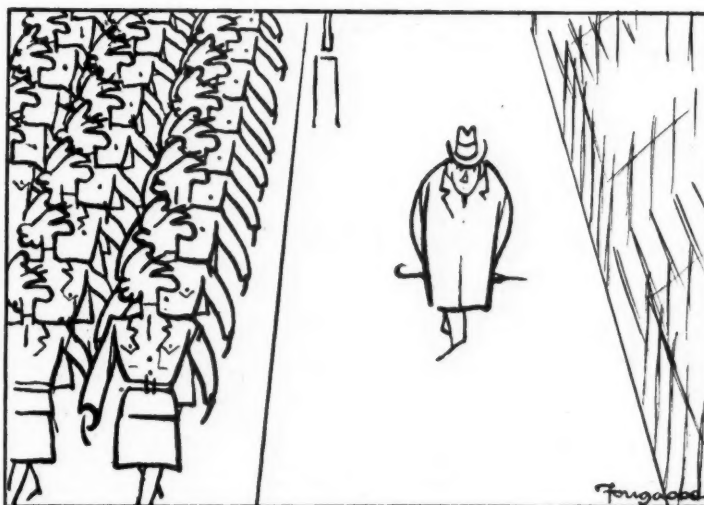
"RENNIE TAYLOR & Co. have received instructions from Mrs. L. Mills (née Nurse Brown) . . ."—Cardiff Western Mail.

ANOTHER CHANGED FACE

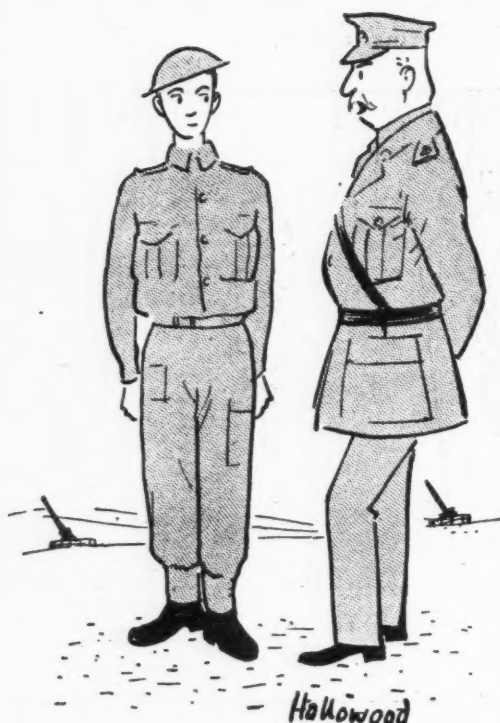
FULL CIRCLE



1



2



"If you should survive and reach your objective then fire a green rocket, but for heaven's sake hold it well away from you."

The Phoney Phleet

XX—H.M.S. "Simplon"

PA YMASTER-Captain Purser's mind
Was of the waste-not-want-not kind
And therefore when Commander Syme
Upset a stoup of gin-and-lime
On Purser's youngest uniform
(1913) it raised a storm,
Hardly on individual grounds—
What was a paltry fifteen pounds?—
But on the global tonnage which
Is wasted by those types who pitch
Their drinks about on people's coats.
"Just think of all your cargo-boats
Torpedoed when importing lime;
Then think of elements (like Syme)
Who use it as a douche for friends;
Appalling waste!" George made amends
By paying for another round
And then three more, until he found
His naval engineering brain
Was ticking over once again.

He saw at once where Purser erred;
The truly serious waste occurred

Not in slight alcoholic slips
But in the actual loss of ships.
This revelation egged him on
To further contemplation.
There were two ways to stop this waste:
(a) Scupper submarines to taste
Or, if impracticable, (b)
Provide complete immunity
Against the tin-fish which they fired.
He chose the latter and retired
For several days to think it out;
And that's how *Simplon* came about.

His theory was roughly this:
The Hun torpedoes either miss
Entirely, or they strike a craft
Amidships, neither fore nor aft.
So obviously the thing to do
Was to construct a tunnel through
The middle of a ship, below
The water-line: arrange it so
That it was water-tight all round
And then hey presto! you have found.
The answer. U-boat launches fish
Which, with most stimulating swish,
Goes right through tunnel (marked with +)
Thus yielding yet one more no-loss.

The Admiralty tried it out
With *Simplon*, and there was no doubt
It worked all right: on twenty-two
Occasions tin-fish whistled through
The tunnel, eighty-four feet wide,
Which pierced the ship from side to side.
This was enough. And soon all slips
Were building or converting ships
To what was called the Simplon Plan.

And then some very nasty man,
Some Syme-allergic Fritz type,
Got up and said the scheme was tripe,
Non-total, Column V or more;
It *might* work with a man-o'-war
Like *Simplon*—what had *she* to lose?
But freighters were designed to use
The space between their bows and stern
For cargo. Syme's idea would turn
A ship into a floating hole—
A safe but somewhat useless rôle.
We'd keep the ships but have no food
Etc. . . . He was very rude:
So rude in fact that in the House
The First Lord got up like a mouse
And dismally apologized.

My onions! Was George Syme surprised!
You should have heard him tell his pals
Of dark conspiracies, cabals
Which sabotaged his finest schemes;
Of black—

Oh! Night-night. Happy dreams!

o o

Commercial Candour
"FOR LEAKY FLAT ROOFS
apply to
THE CAMBRIDGE ASPHALTE Co."

Cambridge Daily News.

"THEY ALSO SERVE"

THEY are brave, these people who, behind the scenes, whether at home or in the factories, go quietly about their essential tasks. Even when they are bombed and lose their homes and cherished possessions, their grateful appreciation of the help given them through the PUNCH COMFORTS FUND acclaims the spirit which cannot be broken.

The privilege of service to them is extended to you. If you have helped us with contributions before will you please help us again? If this is your first introduction to the Fund will you please become a subscriber? Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

H. J. Talking

MANY years ago I insured myself against being savaged by bees, because my wife wanted me to keep them, and one of the conditions of the policy was that I shouldn't, so that it was well worth the small premium asked to have a legal prohibition to flourish at her. She argues, however, that while I am forbidden to buy them I am not forbidden to take advantage of their presence if they just turn up, and for that reason she fills our house and garden with places likely to prove attractive to a swarm. Whenever she reads in the paper that bees have chosen some particular place, off she goes and fits up something similar, so that now we have a pillar-box on the flat part of the roof, in case they go high, and another pillar-box buried in the lawn up to its mouth in case they go low. Mixing them up with starlings, she has also slung a length of telephone wire between the chimney stacks. She was much excited recently by a report in the newspaper that bees had swarmed inside the mouth of an old cannon, but by a misprint the paper spelt it with one "n." She at once began advertising cheap lodgings for cathedral clergy in the *Church Times*, and after she had turned down a dean and two precentors, a canon actually applied. When we told him that he would be expected to sleep out of doors he demurred at first, so my wife reduced the price to 10/- a week. When we offered a further reduction of half a crown if he snored, he saw that he had the upper hand of us and demanded Cointreau with the early morning tea.

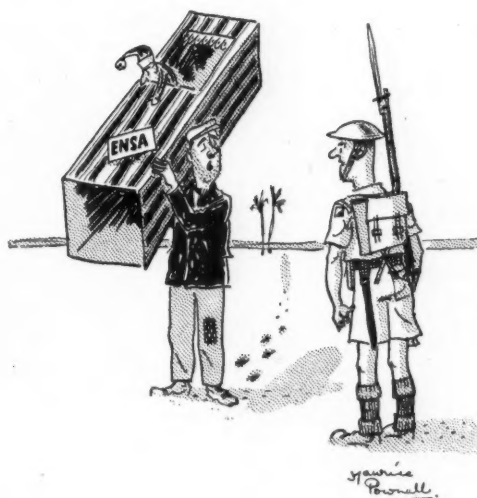
The first night was luckily moonlight, and we took it in turns to watch him closely from the house. To our horror we saw that he covered his mouth with a large handkerchief; so the next night my wife concealed herself up the tree to which the hammock was attached and tried to remove the handkerchief with rod and line when she thought he was asleep, but unfortunately the hook caught in his beard and she had to cut the line and leave it. In the morning he came to us in great perplexity: without thinking my wife said vaguely "It was probably neighbours," and like an elderly arrow he shot next door, where he was ill-received, they not believing in blood sports and being furious at the suggestion that they owned a fishing-rod. Nor did he fare much better on the other side, where they were keen sportsmen and would talk of nothing but interesting technical points about the shape of the hook.

Another kind of insurance I have is against having a

double. Much worry and inconvenience has often been caused by people finding that someone else has the same face as they have. At first the company demanded a high premium, but after a personal interview reduced it considerably. I cannot, however, have my face lifted without their permission, and this in its turn is useful, face-lifting being one of the things my wife has taken courses in. For her diploma she was given a very large man and lifted the lower part of his face quite well, but owing to being a slow worker she was caught by the time-limit for the examination and had to leave the upper part where it was, this causing a certain amount of congestion in the centre.

There is something about banks which reminds me of the leisurely days of the past. One always feels that if they had no customers at all they might be lonely but it would not seriously perturb them. Outside, they are often on the corners of roads, so that the staff can be gently entertained by watching accidents. Inside, they have a lot of polished wood like an admiral's cabin, and whereas normal people keep money in their trousers pocket or a purse, banks keep it in paper bags, like sweets. They are usually pleasant people but inconvenient as they open only when you are busy working and do not deliver their products at the door as bakers or milkmen generally do. Books on political economy always explain that banks pay their way by lending money to people, but if this is really so they are very diffident about it and certainly never press their services on you. My own guess is that they are really endowed, like Oxford colleges, and open their doors to the general public only from the high-minded desire to improve them, on the lines of Extension Lectures.

Curiously enough you often find a kind of bank in post offices, of all places, which one would imagine to be quite the wrong kind of atmosphere for it. However, even in these very different surroundings it seems no more probable that lending money is what it lives by. I once saw a bank in the middle of a shop, so that you could actually buy a suit and pay for it with money available on the spot, but somehow this commerce about the place didn't seem to agree with the dignity of banking, and most banks got rid of it, as St. Paul's did after the Great Fire.



"'Ow much further to 'Ellfire Corner?'"



"Do have one of these, Major—I'm sure you are dying of thirst."

The Last Voyage of "L104"

IF Crabstock ever listens to a yarn without interrupting the narrative with his captious comment it is because he has a better one ready for immediate delivery or in process of invention. I do not know why—unless it was because we had eaten sardines for tea—but we began to discuss the ways of the sea and the queer things that happen to ships. My story was about a British merchantman which was torpedoed more than a hundred times after she had settled on two submerged pinnacles of rock in the Pacific. I recounted the tale without fear of criticism for there was a dreamy look in Crabstock's eyes.

"Very interesting," he said when I had done. "It reminds me of that strange story about the submarine L104."

"There are some things," Crabstock went on, "that we cannot explain. We do not know why each ship has its distinctive 'personality.' We do not know how sailors are warned of unseen but impending dangers. We do not know why the sea is salt. We only know that these things are so, and our knowledge makes the story of the L104 all the more queer."

"She was an unusual boat, for she was completely lacking in character and idiosyncrasies. There are submarines as fickle as wireless-sets—submarines, for example, in which the hydroplanes will function only when someone strikes a sharp blow on a bulkhead. The L104 was impersonal in her efficiency. When she left for operations in the Mediterranean she was in perfect trim. Her commander was quietly confident. The crew had no premonitions."

"Just as the noisy reverberations of an exploding depth-charge are amplified by a submarine's plates* so the most trivial occurrences at fifteen fathoms become events of great significance. A hammer is dropped or a wrong hatch is opened—incidents like these assume an importance as pegs upon which the men can hang their stories of routine and duty. There are incidents aboard ship which by tradition are regarded as omens of

misfortune. When a man fell out of the crow's-nest, in the days of the old frigate, it was taken to be a sure sign of a forthcoming cut in his rum-ration. If a submarine commander of to-day breaks a mirror in his periscope he is considered unlucky. It is the way of the sea."

"These reflections serve only to deepen the mystery of the L104, for during her operational cruise nothing at all of an untoward nature occurred. The trip was uneventful. Everything appeared to be perfectly normal when the ship tied up again at — three weeks later."

Crabstock paused to gain dramatic effect.

"And wasn't it?" I asked.

"Not quite," said Crabstock. "You see, within an hour and a half of her safe return the L104 disappeared like that." (Crabstock snapped his fingers.)

I waited for the *dénouement*, but none came.

"But look here," I said, "what happened? I mean . . . why . . . ?"

"Well," said Crabstock, "if you remember, the Board of Admiralty renamed her. She is the *Harpoon* now."

* This phenomenon is easily demonstrated in the following manner: Place the head, or both ears, under water, and get a friend to rap smartly with the knuckle on the outside of the bath.



THE REHEARSAL

"I must try to be calm—like him."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, May 18th.—House of Lords: Thanks!

House of Commons: Thanks, Again!

Wednesday, May 19th.—House of Commons: For all Outcasts.

Thursday, May 20th.—House of Commons: Fierce Raged the Tempest.

Tuesday, May 18th.—Parliament is capable of being the veritable voice of the nation. Usually it is. Almost always it instinctively says the right word, shows the very emotion, in the very way the Common Man—or at any rate the Common British Man—would do.

And—perhaps, after all, it is a measure of the true manner in which it reflects the nation it represents—Parliament is capable too of incredible errors of taste, of inexcusable carelessness in the rightness of things.

To-day (of all days!) the House of Commons lapsed badly. Here was Parliament assembled to pass a vote of thanks to leaders and troops in that famous victory in Tunisia—in all North Africa. One would perhaps have thought that the Chamber would be crowded with eager men and women, all ready to pay the tribute the nation gladly pays to the men who so nobly uphold its freedom, its very life.

But not at all. The House was miserably tenanted, and great gaps showed on the benches. There could have been no more than eighty Members present out of a "possible" of more than six hundred, and they showed but little excitement. True, in a sense it was a twice-told tale, for Mr. ATTLEE, the Deputy Premier, had given all the loudly-cheered facts last week, yet an attendance more worthy of the occasion surely might fairly have been expected. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was there, but to everybody's keen disappointment his silver tongue was silent.

Even a brief secret session (called by Mr. EDEN, who seems to have acquired the habit lately) did not attract any more listeners, and when Mr. ATTLEE, in public, moved the vote of thanks there were still aching voids in the benches. It was a resolution of "pride and thankfulness" at the great success, of gratitude to the men and women who had brought it about—including those at home who had co-operated in one way and another.

It was no easy triumph, Mr. ATTLEE made plain. Our British and Empire casualties in the Middle East and

North Africa since Italy entered the war in June, 1940, were 220,000 killed, wounded, missing and prisoners. A heavy loss, indeed, even for so resounding a victory.

"The price of victory," Mr. ATTLEE reminded the hushed House, "has had to be paid. And in our rejoicing let us remember and extend our sympathy to all those who mourn."

The hush was broken by a thrilling cheer when Mr. ATTLEE mentioned the special gratitude all felt to General EISENHOWER, as Supreme Commander, General ALEXANDER, Admiral CUNNINGHAM and Air Marshal TEDDER. "We may count ourselves fortunate in

victory is achieved and peace reigns once more.

A simple, eloquent little piece, dignified as the occasion demanded.

It was left to Mr. HORE-BELISHA to remind the House that "the price" has been paid partly by its own Members. Handsome, dashing Colonel SOMERSET MAXWELL, once the former War Minister's own Parliamentary Private Secretary, and Colonel "FLASH" KELLETT, both had paid their part of the grim account with their lives.

General AUCHINCLOSS also received a tribute from Mr. HORE-BELISHA, who observed that though he now "languished in retirement" he might justly reflect that it was his courageous decision to stand not at Mersa Matruh but at El Alamein that had saved the Eighth Army, now the chief instrument of our triumph.

Lady AFSLEY, whose husband was killed on Active Service, and who speaks from her invalid chair as his successor in the representation of Bristol, said with quiet sincerity that moved the House: "We, the mothers, wives and sweethearts, will feel proud of our sacrifice if this House gives the lead to build a world worthy of that sacrifice of our bravest and best."

That was the note of the whole short debate—thankfulness for the triumph, resolve that it should not have been in vain, determination that none of the heroism, none of the sacrifice, should be wasted on unworthy ends.

And so the remnant of the House passed, in silence, its vote of thanks to the living and the dead who had made victory out of defeat, who had slowly and painfully built up triumph out of disaster. Mr. ATTLEE asked that the resolution of the House should be inscribed in its Records, and Mr. Speaker ordered this to be done.

Over in the Lords Lord CRANBORNE moved a similar resolution, which was also carried without dissent.

Lord CROFT, for the War Office, gave their Lordships the information for which the Commons and the public had often sought in vain: which regiments and military formations took part in the triumphant battles. A long and noble list, it was, representing all parts of the land, all parts of the Empire, all arms of the Forces. Brave and gallant men all.

Wednesday, May 19th.—Mr. OSBERT PEAKE, Under-Secretary at the Home Office, and a leading delegate to the recent Bermuda conference on the plight of the hapless victims of HITLER's oppression, to-day made a speech that should be reprinted (or, better, electrically recorded) as a



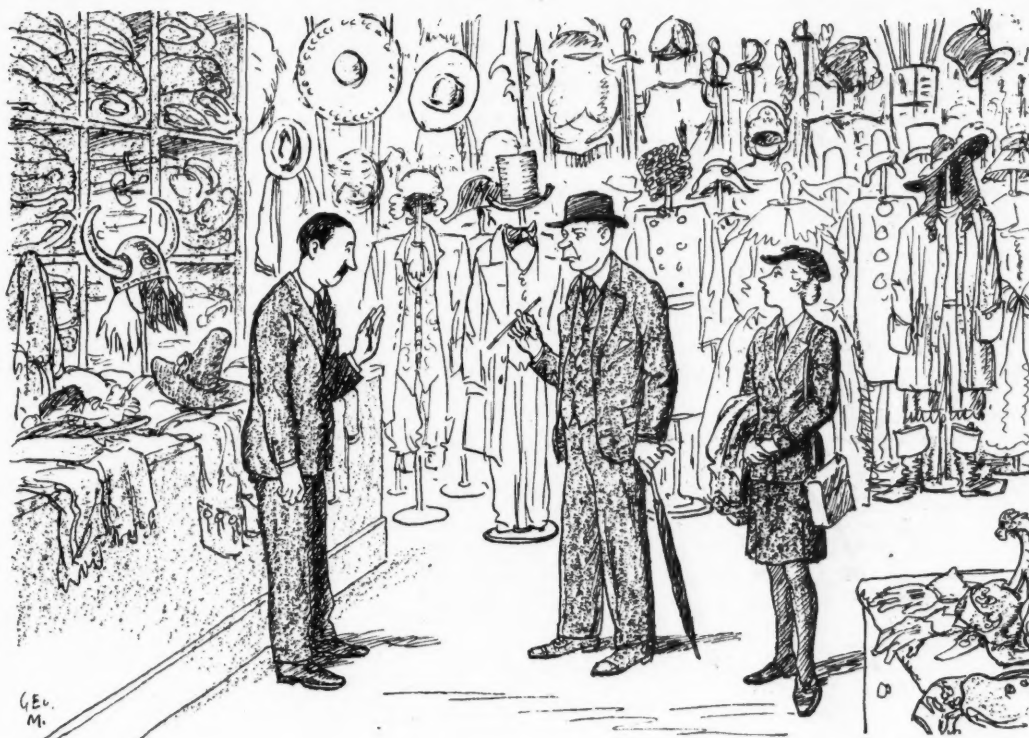
THE BISHOP OF BANCOR

LORD KEYNES

having found leaders who have that essential gift of radiating confidence throughout their commands."

Men of the air, sea and land had built up between them a new comradeship in arms, and this would have great results in—the battles to come. A word of praise for the Merchant and Royal Navies who had kept the fighting men well supplied with the tools without which they might never have finished the job so completely—or at all.

A word of praise too for the gallant people and garrison of George Cross Malta, for the troops of the Dominions and Colonies. The victory they had made possible would be carried forward to Europe, Asia and the islands of the Pacific, until, in God's good time,



"No, Sir, we're sold out of Montgomery noses."

model for all future Ministerial statements. It was clear, concise, factual, and yet delivered in a way that was truly eloquent and impressed all who heard it.

Mr. PEAKE has, until now, been strictly utilitarian in his speeches, and has taken as his motto: "Stand up, speak up, shut up!" He did all three to-day, but "the bits between" told the House all it wanted to know about the subject.

It was not an encouraging story, though. The conference had looked at all the difficulties—and, apparently, found them insurmountable . . . until HITLER and his gang have been crushed and all prisoners and captives are released. That—the crushing victory of the United Nations—is, more than ever, the one hope of the oppressed, and perhaps the greatest reward that event will bring to mankind. Meanwhile, there is nothing (or next to nothing) that can be done for the Jews and others who are the subjects of the special hatred of the Axis.

Neither Mr. PEAKE nor Mr. EDEN, who wound up the debate, could offer

more than that. What could be done, would be.

Mr. GEORGE HICKS, of the Ministry of Works, had a jocularly rough passage at Question-time. The subject was metal salvage—a topic which always moves Mr. Speaker's elder brother (General CLIFTON BROWN), Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHBY, and other Conservatives to profound, if mysterious, fury—and Mr. HICKS was asked why, having collected the stuff, he let it lie about the country in dumps. Mr. HICKS's reply was to the effect that "he never."

At once the pack was on him. Sir JAMES LAMB acidly inquired whether the collection of the scrap was to coincide with this war or the next.

Mr. HICKS, stumped for once, meekly said: "This war, sir."

Whereupon another Conservative Member urged a salvage drive among Ministers. Precisely what this meant was not clear, but Mr. SHINWELL (who is never doubtful about what he means) flashed out: "To clear out the scrap?"

Hearty laughter, in which (as they used to say in the police-court reports) the accused joined.

Business was wound up early, so that the House, with Their Majesties, and the House of Peers, could go to St. Paul's Cathedral to offer thanks for the victory in North Africa.

But before they went, Members heard with astonishment from Mr. EDEN that it was at one time contemplated by the Government that the debate on refugees should be taken in secret. Even the most ardent devotees of secrecy—and there are many—thought this a bit thick.

Thursday, May 20th.—There was a spot of bother about old age pensions, the Labour Party taking the view that the Bill presented by the Government to do away with some anomalies left too many still in existence. So there was the customary "revolt," and Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, their leader, once more found himself in the position of leading only some, while others (generally referred to in the Lobby as "revolting Socialists") went in the opposite—or, at least, different—directions.

However, the Government got its Bill in the end.



"Good morning, Lieutenant Godfrey, Sergeant Jackson, Corporal Wilson and Privates Barber, Shaw, Fraser, Smith, Peabody, Henderson . . ."

Little Talks

"SEADROMES"! My hat!

What is a seadrome?

Well, you've heard of a "hippodrome"?

Yes. A place where horses ran. "Hippos"—a horse: and "drome"—run.

Go up top. We then had "aerodrome"—

Which ought to have meant a place where the air ran.

It didn't, of course. It meant a place where aeroplanes landed.

Well, but they did do a bit of running as well.

True. Aerodrome wasn't so bad; though it was never necessary or right. At least, it wasn't a mongrel. But then we had the indefensible "air-

drome." We spent a lot of time and trouble killing off "airdrome"; but in the end we did it. It's therefore a little disappointing to find "seadrome" rearing its ugly head.

Well, what is a "seadrome", anyway?

A seadrome—I'm quoting *The Times*, which very properly puts the word in disapproving inverted commas—a seadrome is to be a sort of halt, stopping-place or station for aeroplanes moored in mid-ocean.

Jolly good show.

"Each seadrome would provide complete airport and hotel facilities." The aircraft, of course, would refuel there. The landing surface would be seventy feet above the ocean, they

would have a draught of one hundred and sixty feet, and a tonnage of approximately sixty-four thousand. But why a "drome" it doesn't say.

Well, it won't come to anything, so why worry?

I don't know. "The Pennsylvania Central Air Lines and associated organizations have formally filed an application with the Civil Aeronautics Board for permission to establish" a chain of seadromes. Every eight hundred miles.

Is that so? But surely that's an international matter. Or can anyone stick up permanent obstructions in the ocean?

It isn't the done thing, as a rule.

Certainly they should get international sanction before they put a word like seadrome into international currency. That's what amazes me about these business men. They've probably been working at this thing for years. On every other part of it they'll have had exhaustive reports from all the best experts they could find—construction, design, seaworthiness, cost of building and running, method of mooring and so on. But when it comes to giving it a name some ignorant ass who knows nothing of the meaning of "drome" is allowed to do his worst without consulting a soul!

Well, what would you have named it if they'd called you in?

Well, it's a stopping-place for aeroplanes at sea. You could call it a "sea-stop", "sea-halt", "sea-station", "ocean base", "ocean halt", "fuel point", "rest island". I can think of many, and all of them are better than "seadrome". For one thing, there have never been any "land-dromes"; and even "aerodrome" is practically dead. So this barbarous fellow is deliberately giving "drome" a new lease of life.

It sounds rather like the Ark.

"Ocean Ark"? "Airman's Ark"? Not bad. No, I think "sea-stop" is the simplest and best. But you see what I mean? Dozens of intelligent—but not too intellectual—people ought to be consulted before a new name of this importance is let loose among the millions of people who speak—or think they speak—English. There ought to be an English Speakers' Academy of Words, having statutory powers to condemn any wicked word and pronounce public sentence of death on it.

Even then it would generally survive.

Not so often as you think. These boors and their words are apt to crumple when you go for them. The trouble is that so few people do.

I suppose when an airman is looking for a resting-place in the ocean he doesn't much mind if it has a good name or a mongrel name—or no name at all.

He'd mind it all right if they'd put a three-inch nut on a two-inch bolt—which is much the same thing. And don't be too sure. The airman's a practical fellow, and therefore he knows that names do matter. Also he likes honest and unpretentious workmanship—so he *couldn't* like seadrome. Also, he likes short simple names—because he has to use so many so quickly. Stars, for example. I hear he's altering some of the star-names already. "Benetnash" has become "Benesh".

Why?

Because it's shorter.

That must please you. You want to alter them all.

Well, it proves one of my points, that the old Arabic names are a nuisance to the young navigator, who has to learn—and act—quickly in time of war. But it doesn't go very far—just cutting a name or two in half. You want to have a *new* name, in some way related to the name of the next star—and so on. That would help the chaps to learn them all.

What did Benetnash mean, anyway?

It meant The Chief of the Mourners. It's the star at the end of the tail of the Great Bear—or the handle of the Plough, whichever you like. But what the Chief of the Mourners is doing in the Great Bear is more than I can tell you.

You'll never get the old shell-backs to agree to changing the names of the stars.

Oh, shan't we? Many I've met were all for it. Anyhow, I'm not thinking so much of the old shell-back who knows his stars already. I'm thinking more of the young—the boy at school, bound for the Navy or the Air Force, who can't get up any interest in a star called Betelgeuse, but would be excited by a star called Nelson.

What's Betelgeuse mean?

The Armpit of the Central One. Most of these Arabic names mean some part of some animal's body, the Hen's Beak or the Loin of the Bear or the Fish's Mouth. One shell-back took me to task the other day in a nautical magazine for wanting to change the "apt and romantic" names given to the stars by the ancients. He mentioned especially the star called Alpheratz, in Andromeda—

What's that mean?

Half a minute. Well, he said that "before Greece was civilized Alpheratz was 'The Head of the Woman in Chains'."

Meaning Andromeda?

Yes. Now, much as I regret the decline of the study of Greek in these islands, I have to admit that the number of young men entering the Forces or the Mercantile Marine to-day who know or care who Andromeda was is extremely small. So even if Alpheratz did mean "The Head of the Woman in Chains" it would not be a very good answer to my argument. But, in fact, the meaning of the Arabic Alpheratz, I gather, is—I'll give you three guesses—

Go on.

The Horse's Navel.

Most apt and romantic. What did he say to that?

He's not said anything yet. I hope he'll shut up.

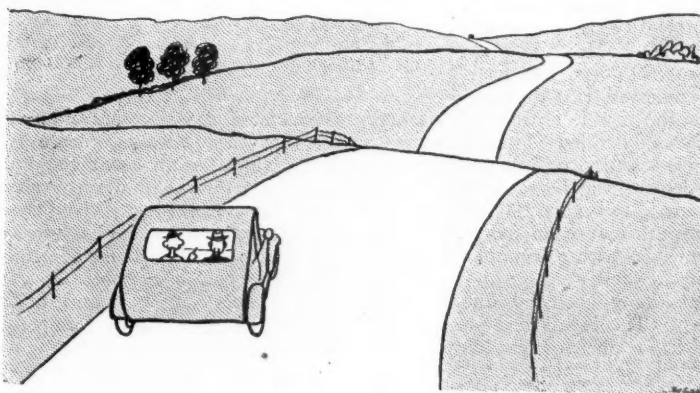
What about the astronomers?

The astronomers don't use names so much as the sailors. They use the Greek alphabet and talk about Alpha this and Beta that; and they can go on doing that if we re-name the stars every month. I've talked to some of them and they're by no means shocked. Some are in favour.

Why has nobody tried this before?

Cosmic idleness. As a matter of fact, one or two chaps have had a go. Our best-known predecessor was the Venerable Bede. He wanted to name the Signs of the Zodiac by the eleven Apostles and John the Baptist.

If you aren't careful we shall have a star called Seadrome. A. P. H.



"Look, there's another car!"

"Yes, it's about time they tightened up this petrol rationing."

At the Revivals

"TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS"
(ALHAMBRA, GLASGOW)

"THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY"
(WESTMINSTER)

MR. WILSON BARRETT's repertory company (commended here last week) now takes to Glasgow for a summer season the series of new productions—Pinero, Priestley, Shakespeare, etc.—to which Edinburgh has been giving crowded approval. They begin with a week of that unfading little play of the 'sixties, *Trelawny of the Wells*. The flags of repertory appear to be flying bravely everywhere. We heard a murmur about *Sierra* at Dundee (played on the play-per-fortnight system which is so much kinder to actors if audiences stay full enough to support it). And if the way back had lain through Birmingham we should gladly have seen a new version of a Labiche farce in English, presented by Mr. George Howe and Sir Barry Jackson.

The way back naturally did lie through Newcastle and York. The first has a charming little theatre picturesquely situated in a valley in the Jesmond district. We found it frantically busy with a final rehearsal of *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, and declined politely an invitation to see the evening's performance. The good critic's vademecum, C. E. MONTAGUE'S *Dramatic Values*, has for ever removed this drama from the good critic's cognisance. In the essay called "Fiscal Measures" there is a sentence three quarters of a page long which the good critic knows by heart. It begins, "When once his therapeutics were on foot . . ." and it concludes with a triumphant quotation from Shelley's prose on the fallacy of art doing good by direct moral precept. This is followed—in case the uncritical reader does not know it—by the simple plain statement: "However, to confess so much is to incur the whips and scorns of many learned divines and able publicists and of great audiences. They find the *Third Floor Back* a pleasure to sit under."

Every repertory-manager we talk to assures us that great audiences still exist for JEROME's drama, and that the whips and scorns of the critics have affected its popularity no whit.

The exceptional thing about the Newcastle and York audiences is that neither takes to Shaw, who is extremely popular both in Scotland and around London. The Newcastle list for this year includes Priestley, Patrick Hamilton, Ashley Dukes, H. F. Maltby, Frank Vosper, Noel Coward, and there was a particularly successful week of three one-act plays.



YOUNG LADY PROVES TOO MUCH FOR TOO MANY.

Mrs. Ebley	MISS MARION FAWCETT
Charles	MR. HENRY HEWITT
Mrs. Cheyney	MISS ANN FARRER
Lord Pilco	MR. PHILIP DESBOROUGH
Lord Dilling	MR. DAVID HORNE

(Exhausted play-selectors and indigent one-act-play authors, please note.) York, which has a charming and civic-supported theatre under the shadow of its Minster, has just revived Čapek's *R.U.R.*, and has had its best successes this year with *The Taming of the Shrew* and *The School for Scandal*. On a train journey between York and London, the late Humbert Wolfe once wrote a delightful poem beginning:

York was a capital city
When you were a nameless stew . . .

Certain, or almost certain, it is that York knew the pleasures of playgoing even before London did. The York

Cycle of Mystery Plays—nearly as old as Chaucer—survives as evidence. The Noah's Ark Pageant in this series is stated to be the parent-play of all the extant Mysteries. Let the York theatre consider a revival at Christmas, more or less "on the actual spot." It is significant, surely, that the site of the present railway-station has always been known as Pageant Green.

But we have travelled far from the alleged subject of this page, the two revivals mentioned at its head. The truth is that there is nothing to do but commend the one and to discommend the other. And shall *Trelawny* die? Mr. BARRETT, with an extraordinary resourcefulness of invention in both costume and casting, has seen to it that this vintage PINERO play lives again triumphantly. Did ever dramatist keep tenderness on the right side of the mawkish with such a breath-taking and persistent adroitness? Miss CLARE HARRIS, directing the play, successfully avoids the dangers of sentimentality, though she knows as well as we do that the author considerably helps beforehand by imbuing many of the characters with a positively Dickensian richness of humour. Mr. BERNARD MEREFIELD is resonantly and inspirately articulate as the oily old tragedian, *James Telfer*, and it is particularly witty of Mr. BARRETT himself to turn the young tragedian *Gadd* into the very likeness of his own unforgotten grandfather rolling his eyes in nobly preposterous old things like *Claudian*. Time, then, reveals *Trelawny* as the most delightful of all plays about theatre-folks, with the possible exception of *Masks and Faces*.

But why is time so harsh with Mr. LONSDALE'S comedy of the well-mannered crooks and the ill-mannered new nobility of the year 1925? It is true that the piece is not given its full due at the Westminster. This revival's director apparently does not exist since there is no mention of him in the programme and little evidence of him in the performance. Good actors like Mr. HENRY HEWITT and Mr. DAVID HORNE are therefore left directionless, each with both hands full of time-

dampened squibs, and our heart would bleed for them if a critical heart had any blood in it. But the truth is that this play is both too old and too young for revival now. The general working rule appears to be that once a play is fifteen years of age, it should be left strictly alone for another fifteen years or so, and then be revived strictly in its period if it seems worth the trouble. The rule applies to all revivalists, repertory or otherwise. A. D.

At the Ballet

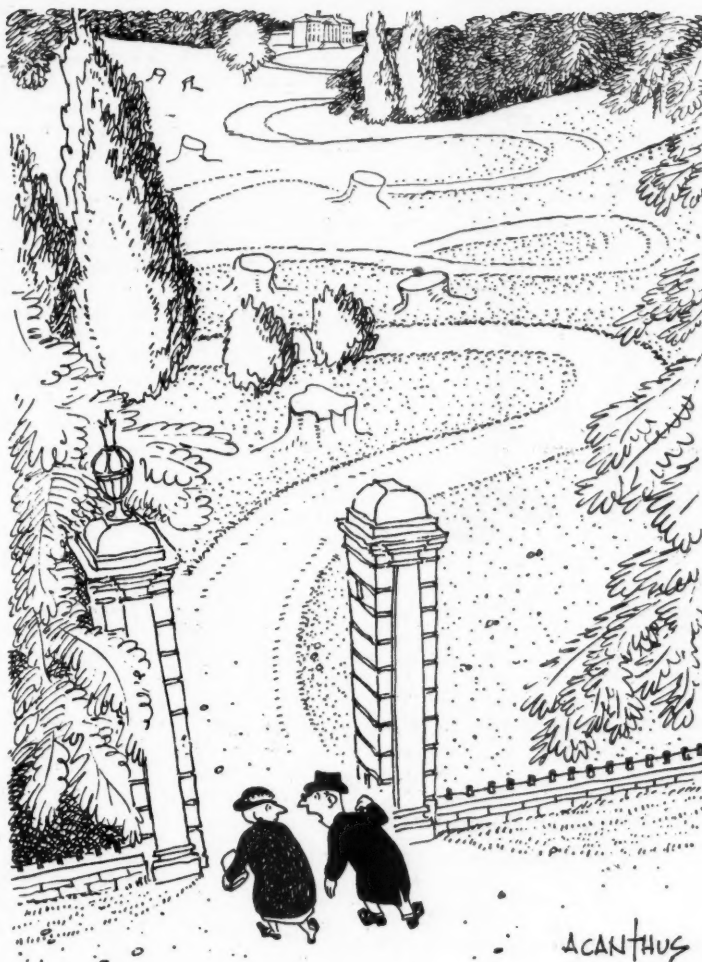
RAFIQ ANWAR AND HIS INDIAN DANCERS AND MUSICIANS

No one who sees a programme of Indian dances can fail to be impressed by their expressiveness, dignity and restraint. The Indian dancer never indulges in any leaps, high kicks, pirouettes or somersaults, nor does he seek to impress his audience by throwing his partner about the stage with that complete disregard for her life and limb which is characteristic of the Western "speciality" dancer. He expresses his meaning with his arms and head, and uses his feet and his anklets of bells to provide the music, or to add another thread of intricate rhythm to that of the drums, flutes and curious stringed instruments that take part in the dance—for dance and music are fused together so closely that the one seems to grow out of the other like a flower on its stem. The dance in fact seems to be music itself made visible—another strand of counterpoint in the texture.

It is of course impossible for an Occidental to understand the complicated gesture-language of this highly-developed art, but one can judge of its expressiveness in that whereas even an experienced Western ballet-goer must keep his nose in his programme in order to understand the fairly simple story being enacted by the dancers, an Indian dancer can convey to his audience such abstract ideas as the unity of man and the dangers of illusion in the dance of the goddess *Kali*; and in the cosmic dance of *Siva* that of the timeless essence of being that eternally creates and destroys. One cannot imagine a European dancer being able to express such a notion as the latter even in the flippancy of Andrew Lang—

"I am the batsman and the bat,
I am the bowler and the ball,
The umpire, the pavilion cat,
The roller, pitch and stumps and all,"

though backed by a full orchestra,



"I wondered why they said 7.0 for 7.30."

gorgeous costume, lavish décor and regiments of electricians and stage hands. The Indian conveys it with his head, hands and anklets of bells to the accompaniment of a drum.

RAFIQ ANWAR, with his small company of dancers and musicians, gives a most enjoyable entertainment of dances with musical interludes. He is not only an obviously accomplished dancer but a gifted mime, and in addition to the ritual dance of *Siva* and the *Cobra Devil Dance* (in a glittering golden costume) he portrays delightfully the boy with the kite that blows away and the meeting of the god *Krishna*, the eternal lover, with the milkmaids on the banks of the Ganges. But perhaps the most impressive of all is the rendering of the famous legend of the Buddha, whom

the *Apsarases* try with their enticing dances to seduce from his meditations. RAFIQ ANWAR conveys wonderfully the impression of timeless repose with a few beautiful movements of the hands after the departure of the maidens. The company has a gifted première danseuse in SUNETRA, whose fluid movements are a joy to watch in the *Harvest Dance*, the *Festival of Lights* (*Devali Puji*) and as *Sakuntla* who watches a hunter slay a tiger and a deer. LALITA's *Spring Dance* too is like a breath of air. (How does she prevent her anklets jingling?) The music, strange though it sounds to Western ears, has a curious charm.

We recommend this delightful entertainment as an excellent antidote to Hollywood musicals and overblown revues.

D. C. B.



"No hanging on precariously and ricking the neck on top, please."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Cicero

AN American editor, Mr. H. J. HASKELL has "looked upon several decades of politicians in action, and there is not a trick of that tribe which deceives him." His acquaintance with Latin is more limited, for he tells us in his introduction that his book (*This Was Cicero. Modern Politics in a Roman Toga*. SECKER AND WARBURG, 15/-) could not have been written without Bohn's translations and those in the Loeb Classical Library. Fifty or a hundred years ago a thorough knowledge of Latin would undoubtedly have been regarded as necessary to a biographer of Cicero, and how Macaulay would have opened a review of Mr. HASKELL is not difficult to conjecture. Yet, on the whole, Mr. HASKELL more than makes up for his lack of scholarship by his lively feeling for the realities of a time which in its corruption, bloodshed and chaos resembles the age of Hitler much more closely than the age of Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone.

As pictured by Mr. HASKELL, Cicero is like a Weimar republican trying to fit himself into the Nazi system. His vanity would not let him forget that when he was consul he had saved Rome from the conspiracy of Catiline, but his nerves were too weak to allow him to cope with the increasing violence of politics in the disintegrating Republic. Clodius, a nobleman turned gangster, drove him out of Rome, and when he came back to find Caesar, Pompey and Crassus manœuvring for supreme power his illusion that he could play them off against one another did not last

long. Although Caesar treated Cicero with unvarying courtesy, he made it clear, as soon as he became dictator, that he valued Cicero as a wit, not as a colleague. When he was away from Italy he requested his friends to send him Cicero's latest *bons mots*, they met occasionally in Rome, and on one occasion Caesar paid him a visit, accompanied by two thousand guards. "Trying to the temper, but not seriously inconvenient," Cicero called this invasion, which, whatever its object, must have had a dimming effect on Cicero's brilliance as a talker.

The assassination of Caesar reawakened Cicero's political ambitions, the young Octavian made much of him for a time, and he began to consider whether he might not regain power by playing Octavian off against Antony. Octavian, however, was not yet ready for an open breach with Antony, and consented to Antony's demand for Cicero's head. Many years later Octavian, now Augustus, finding his grandson with one of Cicero's books, remarked, with the somewhat belated magnanimity characteristic of a practical politician—"A learned man, my boy, a learned man, and a lover of his country."

H. K.

Something for the Salad-Bowl

Sydney Smith, whose proposed motto for *The Edinburgh Review* was "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal," exhibited, in spite of his jovial girth, the proper Woolton spirit about food. It was he who maintained that one can be "serenely full" after a dinner composed wholly of salad—a statement which is heartily echoed and amplified by Mr. AMBROSE HEATH in *Simple Salads and Salad Dressings* (FABER, 3/6). There is no pretence that the *ersatz* dressings given here are epicurean fare. They are much better, however, than most of the bottled substitutes used in England at a time when Lucca, Palestine and Provence were keeping us lavishly supplied with the best oil. And the hostess who has eggs but no oil, or oil and no eggs, or condensed milk and neither, will thank Mr. HEATH for inventing novel combinations and permutations of such ingredients as remain. The salads themselves have international affinities. "Beggars' Salad" recalls a Spanish recipe, "Potato and Bacon Salad" is a relative of "Kentucky Cold Slaw." Excellent chapters on the growth of herbs, the making of herb vinegar, and the use of both, complete an admirable war-time book, which peace—it is hoped—will provide with the perfect successor. H. P. E.

More A. P. H.

One could make a private enemy of A. P. H. with impunity. Not a word of the affair would get into the famous satirical verses, more of which are reprinted in *Bring Back the Bells* (METHUEN, 4/-). It is not only that times and the libel laws have changed, or satirists in general grown tender: but that Mr. HERBERT's writing shows no trace of acrimony to support such an idea. His verse is above all good-tempered. If it becomes impatient at last it is after enduring long, with an air of tolerance that is slightly paternal without being patronizing. When he complains—and a satirist is expected to complain—he is reasonable and generally unanswerable. Of traffic accidents, for instance, he writes thus:

Still, fool at the wheel, rush on, rush on!

Fool on the kerb, why worry?

Nobody cares who's dead and gone,

We die for the great god Hurry.

Sometimes there is an edge to his voice, as when he addresses "Majestic Eire, all alone," on a "sad, superior

throne," and sometimes he can be bitter. Just listen to this:

"Justice for Germany," the good men plead.
No, no, that would be barbarous indeed.
Justice to Prussia? Justice to the Hun?
We could not be so harsh to anyone.

But these are not private enmities, and everywhere else he is generous. No one before has made out so good a case for the Old School Tie, or found the one overwhelmingly good word to say for Colonel Blimp. In fact his weakness is another aspect of his strength: his praises are harder to bear than his rebukes. Like a true satirist he is more at ease when ridiculing than when he praises. There are exceptions to this. His lines on the death of Wing-Commander Finucane show none of the self-consciousness or seeming slight discomfort that may appear on lesser occasions. And since Mr. HERBERT has given us such pleasure, let us please him by saying he is a very English poet.

J. S.

Peru Falls to Pizarro.

One remembers Miss Freya Stark's Arabs objecting that outsiders inevitably came to exploit or to civilize them—and it is not in human nature to take either mode of approach meekly. Those approached appreciate the historic fact that exploiters and civilizers are usually found working in couples on the foundations of an extraneously-imposed empire. The conquest of Peru, for example, was the result of combined operations by the gold-lust and missionary spirit of Spain; and few historians weighing the excellences and defects of the Inca civilization it superseded have been able to tell the tale dispassionately. Mr. A. F. TSCHIFFELY has. His chronicle of Spanish *herrenvolk* and Peruvian quislings, both taking advantage of each others' murderous rivalries, would be almost conventional apart from its amazing local colour; but this is superlatively good. Observe, for instance, the enthusiasm of a people whose only domestic animals were ducks and llamas for an army equipped with pigs and chickens—even if that army's horrific horses demanded gold bits instead of iron to champ on and you had to strip your temples to appease them. It is properties like these—so vivid, so accurate, so apposite to the human drama—that render *Coricancha, Garden of Gold* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 10/6), a memorable book.

H. P. E.

Elderly Girl

In a world where, in spite of all the talk of only the young counting nowadays, such a vast proportion of the population—increasing too with every hour of the war—is old or elderly, fiction about the middle-aged has much to recommend it. Novelists are waking up to this, and now Lady CYNTHIA ASQUITH gives us the story of yet one more "elderly girl" in *One Sparkling Wave* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 8/6). Luckily her squat, plain, pleasant heroine "Available" Blake is not at all romantic, of old lace and lavender compact, or ready to advance on her knees into the heart of the first good man who has one vacant. The younger generation is well represented in *Lark Merton*, who with mother and grandmother lives nearby, combining with them to fill *Available's* days with demands for help and sympathy. Village humour and pleasure-cruise humour, the production of a successful play in the West End, the life and death of *Available's* darling little doctor father are some of the background her creator has given her. There are minor slips—for instance, ladies in bright-blue satin do not (and never did) use black-edged visiting-cards—but

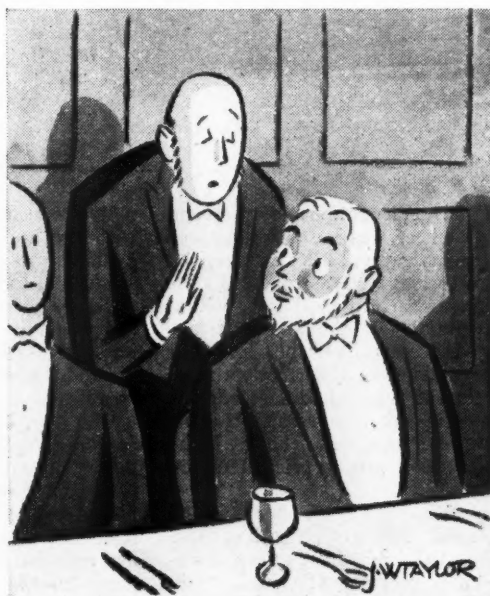
they are very minor. It is not a great novel but pleasant, and its author knows and can convey a great deal about love and sorrow and, if that were not enough, about the beauty of trees and flowers and the endearing ways of horses and dogs.

B. E. S.

Crowded Years

Major C. S. JARVIS, C.M.G., O.B.E., must have told his cherry-stones ably as a small boy, for not many people have been sailor, soldier and tinker (if one counts caravanning) in turn. In *Half a Life* (JOHN MURRAY, 15/-) he tells the story of his sea-faring, fighting, fishing and camping life in the friendly way that has enthralled us in his desert books, and also explains why he is giving his youth now to those of us who know his middle-age. The present book is really the first part of an autobiography that the author showed to Rudyard Kipling, who said, "The time will come when you will regret bitterly having wasted all your experience in one volume." It is, so Major JARVIS says, published now because "a large number of people like to hark back to the days of what one might call a lost world, and obtain a pleasant if nostalgic reaction through being reminded of those days." There does not seem much to rouse nostalgia in the account of his life as apprentice in the *Port Jackson*, a four-masted barque, but in spite of bullying (well confronted) and a diet of putrid pork he seems to have had a certain amount of fun and danger. At the end of his first long voyage he tore up his indentures and joined up for the Boer War. He gives a trooper's perspective of that, but it is a particularly enlightened and enlightening one, and his story of Morant's drumhead court-martial is valuable. After this we have tales of the Army in Ireland, of fishing and house-hunting, ghosts and caravanning. It would be difficult to find a more genial or companionable book, for the author gives himself freely, never stands on his dignity and has the pleasantest sense of humour.

B. E. B.



"Well, in the first place, it depends on (A) what is meant by the word 'thick,' and (B) what is meant by the word 'clear.'"



Sillince

"Quick—get his number!"

A Mathematical Secret

MR. Fairweather, our second officer, was one of the smartest navigators I have ever known. Figures to him were as rabbits to the conjurer. Each day at sea, within three minutes of the sun's passage across the meridian, he had our latitude and longitude correctly worked out. By the time I had succeeded in disengaging my own result from its logarithmic rearguards he had the ship's position neatly pricked off on the chart.

Only twice do I remember finishing my "sights" first, and on both of these occasions the sun had been ten minutes late—once because of parallax in its altitude, and the other time on account of the equinoctial gales, which caused him to make excusable mistakes.

I had only just obtained my second

mate's certificate when I first sailed with him, and being anxious to acquire a similar dexterity in navigation I asked him to show me how he did it.

To my great surprise he told me that he had not always been good at figures, but that his present ability was brought about by a shock in his early days as an officer.

One day, he told me, he had been reckoning up how much he was going to pay off with, and was using a page torn out of an old almanack for the purpose. Not being very observant of figures at that period of his career, he had included the date at the top of the page, counting the nineteen-thirty-six in as nineteen pounds, three shillings and sixpence. This mistake had given him an entirely false idea of the strength of his financial position, and

had caused him to spread himself rather in taking a girl out to the movies and so forth in New York.

Of course when it came to the end of the voyage he found that the twenty odd pounds which he reckoned on having to go home with was not there. To make matters worse he had another girl in Liverpool, where his home was, whom he liked much more than the New York girl, so that the incident had made a deep and lasting impression on his mind.

As he freely admitted, the shock to his system had made him extremely careful in dealing with figures ever since. It had convinced him that you cannot fool about with them and that accuracy is just as necessary as speed. It is not the slightest use working sums out quickly, he said, if the answer

comes out wrong. Another thing he had discovered as a result of this experience was that a sum is either right or wrong—there are no half measures. This latter discovery had led him to evolve an epigram which he had inscribed on his shaving mirror and which read: "There is no such thing in mathematics as a near miss."

I asked him one day if he could suggest any method whereby I myself could reach a similar standard of efficiency. I could not afford to risk a sum like twenty pounds on the experiment, but if he had any ideas costing about five bob a time I would like to try one. He said he didn't think any hard-and-fast rules could be laid down, and that the whole thing was an accident. Skill in navigation, he said, came to different people in different ways, and at different times in life.

To illustrate his argument he took the case of our own skipper, Captain Crabb. This wonderful old seaman, he said, had only learnt scientific navigation as the result of an incident which occurred in a convoy the voyage before. Until then he had been content with an

occasional glance up at the Pole Star to see how the ship was getting along. When homeward bound he used the somewhat old-fashioned method of steering north-east until it came on to rain, and then sending a man up into the crow's-nest to look out for the bottom part of Ireland. His conversion to more up-to-date methods had occurred one day when Fairweather had caught him peeping into the mate's navigation book, and he very foolishly pretended that he understood what it was all about. His bluff might have succeeded, for nobody likes to contradict the captain, but for the mate's habit of jotting down how much he spent on beer and tobacco at the end of each day's work—a system he had for checking up on the activities of a new chief steward whose motto, "New brooms sweep clean," he regarded as sinister.

Crabb, who had sufficient general education to know that the answers to sums are to be found at the end, assumed that the figures at the bottom of the page indicated the ship's position. With a sneer at Fairweather,

he promptly laid them off on the chart, working only to the nearest shilling. This rash proceeding showed the ship to be located in Messrs. Bloem and Voss's dry dock in Hamburg, and so frightened him that he rushed out on deck and swore at the commodore through a megaphone until he collapsed under the strain of his vocabulary. When Fairweather, assisted by the mate, succeeded in bringing him round they found him to be a changed man, being very humble in demeanour. He had since brought his grandfather's sundial away with him and was now very expert in its use.

"So you see," said Fairweather in conclusion, "skill in mathematics, of which navigation is a branch, may be occasioned in various ways. Often, as in the cases I have described, a severe mental jolt coming at the right moment is all that is necessary to shake the molecules of the mind into the required pattern. A near miss by a torpedo during a game of pontoon might easily produce similar results, particularly if you happened to be banker at the time."



"D'you know where Mummy keeps the tank-buster, Granny?"

We Like a Tune.

MUSICAL I am not. Artistic, scientific, highly-strung, attuned to the universe and intuitive to a fault—but not musical. Mind you, I like a tune, or one of those plays where they sing at moments of stress and only talk when it's necessary to hear the words.

It therefore seemed essential to find an unmusical wife, and for a time I looked round with this in mind. You have to be so careful, because some quiet nicely-spoken girls whom you meet at parties and get on with like hot cakes suddenly give themselves away by humming a whole symphony.

Once at a whist-drive I sat next to a very pleasant widow and told her all about my handicap and the kind of ties I liked, and she appeared to be enormously interested. Then, suddenly, she spoilt the whole thing by clenching her teeth and hissing, "They're murdering it."

"Murdering what?" I said, looking round wildly.

"Brahm's Concerto in A flat minor," she hissed, and I became aware of a pleasant background of sound from a neighbour's wireless.

"Oh, that," I said, saving face. "Why, it's so bad that I never recognized it." You can understand that I was disappointed.

Naturally I didn't want that sort of setback to conversation in a wife, but in the early stages of courtship I never mentioned it. Even when she proposed, what with the excitement of

my accepting and all, the subject never arose.

After that everything was a whirl, and not until several weeks after we had settled down did she say casually that there was a good concert next Saturday afternoon which we might attend.

"Why?" I fenced.

"Why not?"

Then I should have made everything quite clear. I should have said that I didn't like concerts and couldn't distinguish one note from another. Instead I suggested that she should get the tickets.

"We'll have to stand, you know," she said, "in the forum."

"I always stand at concerts," I replied. She obviously admired me for this.

The day came and we walked into a great hall. The performers were already playing some sort of modern piece as a teaser, so I told my wife not to whisper, but she said, "They don't mind when they're tuning up."

When we were all packed in, like upright sardines, unable to look at anything but the ceiling, the classical part began. The range of noises was terrific and the vibration stupefying. You may wonder why I didn't sham a faint after twenty minutes, until you remember my enforced vertical position.

Once I caught my wife's eye and she mouthed "Isn't it great?" I groaned and gaped, but she is not very sensitive to that sort of thing.

After a bit the whole band suddenly stopped, but instead of clapping, the audience stood silent and rigid. They evidently agreed with me that the

piece was very bad, and I hoped that we would march out in a body. However, the band struck up again with hardly a pause, and we resigned ourselves to giving them another chance.

"I love this part," whispered my wife, and sure enough the music took a turn. All the instruments stopped except the bass fellows, who went *bum bum bumbledum*, and then some higher instruments chimed in with *fee fee fee fee*, and the bass fellows in fuller force and more aggressively went *bum bum bumbledum*, and *fee fee* came the higher ones before the *bumbledum* was finished, and then all the instruments came in with their war-cries—*fee fee, bum bum, chip chip chip*. Soon the bass chaps were practically drowned, but I am very conscious of the existence of minorities and could just distinguish them booming rather half-heartedly amid the uproar.

Carried away, I joined forces with them in full-throated melody: *bum bum bumbledum*. At this point I think a waiter must have dropped a tray of tea-cups at the back of the stage, for with a hideous zoop and clatter the music stopped.

Now everyone who had stood so stiff before started to clap wildly, and I was forced to clap a bit too, owing to the leverage on my arms from both sides.

My wife turned to me with shining eyes, but I was the first to speak. "I see you feel just as I do," I said hoarsely. "It was perfect. We mustn't spoil it by listening to any more."

So we went home. We were married two years ago, but we haven't yet spoilt it by listening to any more.



NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper.

The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



The Name
VENUS
Still stands for
Quality in Pencils

In wars of olden days, Venus—goddess of love—became known as Victrix or Victory. Thus did the ancient Romans transform their symbol of perfection—just as we do today. Despite wartime control of supply and manufacture, the new 'Utility' and 'War Drawing' pencils produced by Venus conform to the highest possible standard of quality.

The Venus Pencil Co. Ltd., Lower Clapton Road, London, E.3

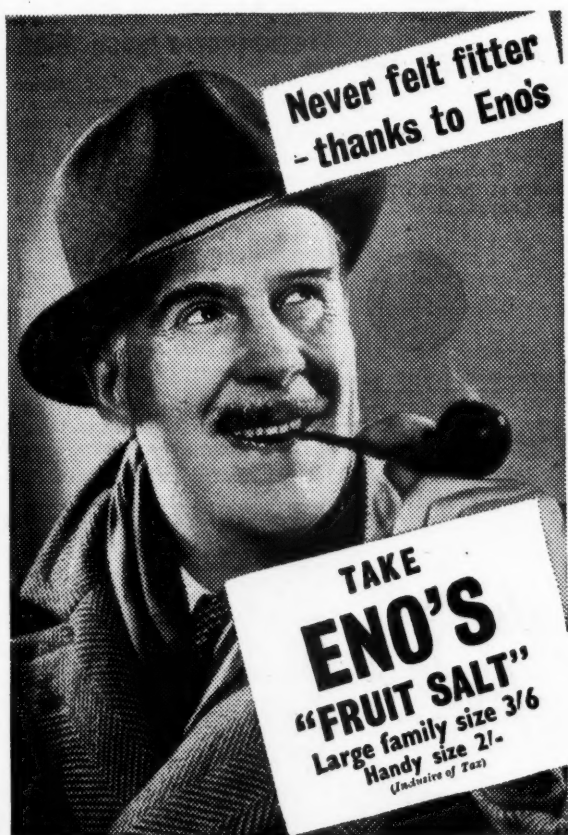


'Second to None'

GREYS
CIGARETTES

Just honest-to-goodness tobacco
20 for 2/4 ★ 10 for 1/2

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED IN THEIR 99th YEAR



Never felt fitter
- thanks to ENO'S

TAKE
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
Large family size 3/6
Handy size 2/-
(Underwire of Tass)

What
has Ice to
do with . . .



What goes up must come down and that is true of certain types of paint. The wireless sets, cameras, cables, instruments and the one-hundred-and-one things in an aeroplane, all have varnish or paint to protect them, but they must come down as good as they go up. Extreme cold which our airmen endure plays havoc with some protective coatings. That is why Robbialac, as specialists in paint, know how to give their finishes a taste of things to come before they go on service to give service. They put them through an ice test before they "blow the cornet" about them or offer them for any particular purpose. In peace-time such paints go to decorate refrigerators, cold-storage plants and properties in arctic climates. The Robbialac scientists will never give the "cold shoulder" to industrial painting problems, so, next time you want good paint, better see what they suggest.

ROBBIALAC PAINTS

Proprietors: JENSON & NICHOLSON, LTD., STRATFORD, LONDON, E.15

**I BELIEVE YOU
LOVE YOUR MURRAY'S
MORE THAN ME!**



MEN who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture won't give it up for love or money! It has a flavour all its own. Try an ounce of Murray's and see what you've been missing! 2/8d. an ounce.

MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE

MURRAY, SONS AND COMPANY LTD., BELFAST

BEAR BRAND HONEY



THE PREMIER BRAND
Honey is rationed with all preserves and distribution is accordingly limited. We ask you not to be disappointed if it is difficult to obtain.

L. CARVIN & Co. Ltd.
Branch: The Bear Honey Co.
Ltd., Isleworth, Middlesex.

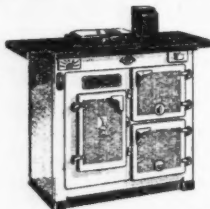
THE SOLUTION OF THE CYCLE STORAGE PROBLEM



WRITE
FOR
CATALOGUE
P/201

**CONSTRUCTORS
CYCLE PARKS
CONSTRUCTORS LIMITED
ERDINGTON BIRMINGHAM**

HEAT STORAGE COOKERS



Supplies although restricted are still available for essential domestic requirements.

THE ESSE COOKER CO.

Proprietors: Smith & Widdowson Ltd.

Head Office & Works

BONNYBRIDGE · SCOTLAND

LONDON SHOWROOMS

63 CONDUIT STREET, W.1 & 11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4
LIVERPOOL EDINBURGH GLASGOW
20 Canning Place 17 Greenside Place 11 Dixon Street, C.1



FAMOUS SPRINGS

INEXHAUSTIBLE Energy is strikingly suggested in the above picture. This same quality of enduring power is needed in that other kind of Spring which is the "heartbeat" of internal combustion engines and of innumerable mechanisms in daily use. And the world's most efficient, durable Springs come from Terry's, of Redditch, whose Research Department is always at the service of engineers and designers, free of obligation.

*The famous
White Island
Thermal Spring,
New Zealand,
in full action.*

TERRY'S
for **SPRINGS**

HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD., REDDITCH, ENGLAND. Also at London · Birmingham · Manchester

FAMOUS
FOR SPRINGS
& PRESSWORK
SINCE
1855



*as always—
a quality product*

NEW RHEUMATISM TREATMENT:

A SPA AT HOME!

By Dr. Quignon.

It is generally agreed by my confrères—all of them specialists in the treatment of rheumatic disorders—that rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago are more quickly relieved by spa water cures than by any other treatment.

In 'Alkia Saltrates' there are reproduced the essential medicinal principles of seven famous spa waters, including those of Vichy, Carlsbad and Aix-les-Bains.

A teaspoonful of 'Alkia Saltrates' dissolved in a tumbler of warm water gives the same benefits as long cures at Continental spas. 'Alkia Saltrates' act at once in the relief of backache and lumbago, and after the first few days even the most long-standing rheumatism will yield to the treatment.

There is no finer prescription for keeping the body healthy year in and year out, and for preventing the distressing ailments which often take hold in middle life. 'Alkia Saltrates' may be obtained from any chemist at 3/9d. per bottle, including Purchase Tax.

FALSE TEETH and proper mastication

A loose denture, besides causing discomfort and embarrassment, makes it impossible for you to masticate your food properly. Correct fitting can, however, be restored by using **KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE**, specifically prepared to make false teeth fit firmly. This tasteless and odourless white powder, sprinkled on the contact surface of the plate after cleaning, will hold it securely and comfortably in position for many hours. Sprinkler tins for pocket or handbag 1/3d, also large 'Economy' size 3/3d, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use **KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER**
for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

For your Silverware
use only

"Goddard's"

Plate Powder

OR

Liquid Plate Polish

Iso-Speedic

PRECISION GOVERNORS

Speed is an elusive quality to catch and command, yet modern trends in development demand finer accuracy in speed control than was ever before contemplated.

Iso-Speedic governors are in use which control speeds within plus or minus 0.3% (three one-thousandths) of constancy and we are constantly engaged upon the fresh governing problems that are put before us.

Although we do not at present invite further enquiries we make the suggestion that designers and manufacturers may find it profitable to review the potentialities in post-war industry of this great advance in governing precision.

THE ISO-SPEEDIC COMPANY
LTD., COVENTRY

Telephone: Coventry 5051

Telegrams: Isospeedic, Coventry

FREE FROM FAULTS

OF OTHER TYPES

THIS TUBE IS

"BLOODY BUT UNBOWED"



Steel tubes have been in the forefront of so many new ideas that it is not surprising to find them helping doctors in one of the miracles of medicine—blood transfusion. We are not medically minded ourselves and have never been blooded, but we understand that the tube inserted in the "transfusee" must be highly polished inside and out, otherwise the precious stream coagulates instead of flowing. After experiments **Aecles & Pollock** produced a stainless steel tube that was so highly polished that even the very bluest blood in the land flowed down it without the slightest hesitation.

ISSUED BY TUBE INVESTMENTS, LTD.



STEEL TUBES ADVISORY CENTRE

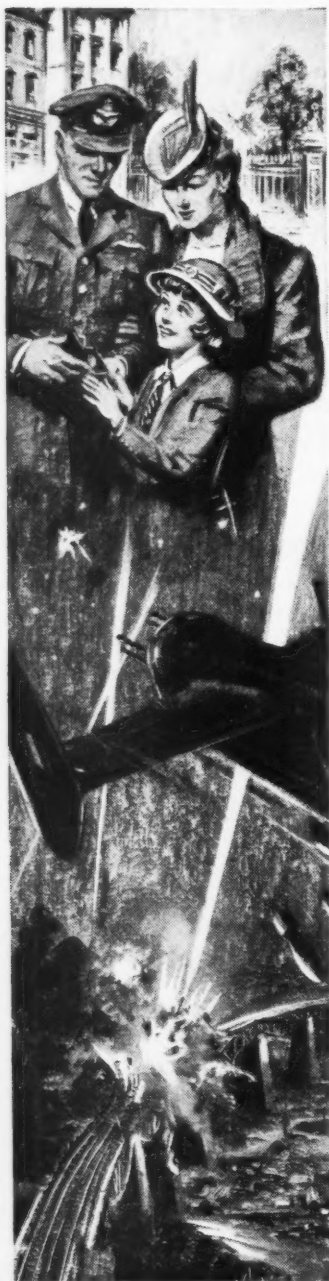
ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.



**MILLS SCAFFOLD CO. LTD., TRUSSLEY WORKS,
HAMMERSMITH GROVE, LONDON, W.6.**

LONDON—Riverside 5026-9. BIRMINGHAM—Smethwick 0594. BRISTOL—Bristol 57646. CARDIFF—Cardiff 5413. MANCHESTER—Woodley 2231. NEWCASTLE—Newcastle 26990. GLASGOW—Murrays (Scaffolding) Ltd.—Douglas 7191. NORTHERN IRELAND—James P. Corry & Co. Ltd.—Belfast 23671. INDIA—Guest, Keen & Williams. SOUTH AFRICA—Hunt, Leuchars & Kephburn.

Daddy's medal . . .



Proud daughter !
Proud Mummy !
Proud day !
They're changing guard
at—oh, more than that !
much more.

They're getting their
Medals ! . . . at
Buckingham Palace today.
Daddy's got one,
a lovely one,
with a pretty ribbon.
What for ?

"For devotion to duty—
fine leadership
and determination in
pressing home the attack
in a vital operation !"

* * *
This is but
a meagre story
of a brave deed !
By brave deeds
the blows accumulate
War workers !

Pile up the weapons.
Pile up the weapons.
There are thousands
of fearless men
waiting to use them.
Match courage
with industry . . .
with saving . . .
with even greater effort.
More — *still more !*

* * *
Our part in the Great Offensive doesn't call for
bravery, but it *does* call for devotion . . . Devotion
to Duty. No matter how hard we work, no matter
how much we save, we cannot equal the sacrifice
made by the men who use the weapons we
provide . . . But we must try, so that at the end
of it all we can say that "by devotion to duty"
we, too, have played our part. **SAVE MORE.**

. . . — Wings for Victory

Issued by the National Savings Committee

BARNEYS in the NAVY



"Having been a 'devotee' of your Barneys
★Punchbowl for the past three years, finding
"it all that a pipe-lover could desire, I should be
"more than obliged if you would inform me how
"I could obtain this delightful Tobacco whilst
"living in a remote region of Africa, where I
"will be stationed for a considerable period."

(From a Lieut.-Commander, R.N.)

They are great pipe-lovers in the Navy, with
a keen discernment in the matter of pipe
tobacco. Something *really good* is required
to meet the Navy standard.

We find pleasure in the thought that Barneys
is the means of making lonesome days
more pleasurable. Under conditions of
isolation, the comfort and companionship
of the pipe assume friendly proportions.

TRIBUTE TO JOHN SINCLAIR'S Barneys

★ Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild),
Punchbowl (full), 2/9½d. oz.

John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

(160)